

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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## Three Feathers.

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### CHAPTER XXXVI. INTO CAPTIVITY.



OWARDS eleven o'clock that night, Mrs. Rosewarne became a little anxious about her girls, and asked her husband to go and meet them, or to fetch them away if they were still at Mr. Trewhella's house.

"Can't they look after themselves?" said George Rosewarne. "I'll be bound Mabyne can any way. Let her alone to come back when she pleases."

Then his wife began to fret; and, as this made him uncomfortable,

he said he would walk up the road and meet them. He had no intention of doing so, of course; but it was a good excuse for getting away from a fidgety wife. He went outside into the clear starlight, and lounged down to the small bridge beside the mill, contentedly smoking his pipe.

There he encountered a farmer who was riding home a cob he had bought that day at Launceston; and the farmer and he began to have a

chat about horses suggested by that circumstance. Oddly enough, their random talk came round to young Trelyon.

"Your thoroughbreds won't do for this county," George Rosewarne was saying, "to go flying a stone wall and breaking your neck. No, sir! I'll tell you what sort of hunter I should like to have for these parts. I'd have him half-bred, short in the leg, short in the pastern, short in the back, a good sloping shoulder, broad in the chest and the forehead, long in the belly, and just the least bit over fifteen hands—eh! Mr. Thoms? I don't think beauty's of much consequence when your neck's in question. Let him be as angular and ragged in the hips as you like, so long's his ribs are well up to the hip-bone. Have you seen that black horse that young Trelyon rides?"

"'Tis a noble beast, sir—a noble beast," the farmer said; and he would probably have gone on to state what ideal animal had been constructed by his lavish imagination had not a man come running up at this moment, breathless and almost speechless.

"Rosewarne," stammered Mr. Roscorla, "a—a word with you! I want to say——"

The farmer, seeing he was in the way, called out a careless good-night, and rode on.

"Well, what's the matter?" said George Rosewarne a little snappishly: he did not like being worried by excitable people.

"Your daughters!" gasped Mr. Roscorla. "They've both run away—both of them—this minute—with Trelyon! You'll have to ride after them. They're straight away along the high road."

"Both of them? The infernal young fools!" said Rosewarne. "Why the devil didn't you stop them yourself?"

"How could I?" Rosecorla said, amazed that the father took the flight of his daughters with apparent equanimity. "You must make haste, Mr. Rosewarne, or you'll never catch them."

"I've a good mind to let 'em go," said he sulkily, as he walked over to the stables of the inn. "The notion of a man having to set out on this wild-goose chase at this time o' night! Run away, have they; and what in all the world have they run away for?"

It occurred to him, however, that the sooner he got a horse saddled and set out, the less distance he would have to go in pursuit; and that consideration quickened his movements.

"What's it all about?" said he to Rosecorla, who had followed him into the stable.

"I suppose they mean a runaway match," said Mr. Roscorla, helping to saddle George Rosewarne's cob, a famous trotter.

"It's that young devil's limb, Mabyn, I'll be bound," said the father. "I wish to heaven somebody would marry her—I don't care who. She's always up to some confounded mischief."

"No, no, no!" Rosecorla said; "it's Wenna he means to marry."

"Why, you were to have married Wenna——"

"Yes, but——"

"Then why didn't you? So she's run away, has she?"

George Rosewarne grinned: he saw how the matter lay.

"This is Mabyn's work, I know," said he, as he put his foot in the stirrup, and sprang into the saddle. "You'd better go home, Roscorla. Don't you say a word to anybody. You don't want the girl made a fool of all through the place."

So George Rosewarne set out to bring back his daughters; not galloping as an anxious parent might, but going ahead with a long, steady-going trot, which he knew would soon tell on Mrs. Trelyon's over-fed and under-exercised horses.

"If they mean Plymouth," he was thinking, "as is most likely from their taking the high road, he'll give it them gently at first. And so that young man wants to marry our Wenna. 'Twould be a fine match for her; and yet she's worth all the money he's got—she's worth it every farthing. I'd give him the other one cheap enough."

Pounding along a dark road, with the consciousness that the further you go the further you've got to get back, and that the distance still to be done is an indeterminate quantity, is agreeable to no one; but it was especially vexatious to George Rosewarne, who liked to take things quietly, and could not understand what all the fuss was about. Why should he be sent on this mad chase at midnight? If anybody wanted to marry either of the girls, why didn't he do so, and say no more about it? Rosewarne had been merely impatient and annoyed when he set out; but the longer he rode, and the more he communed with himself, the deeper grew his sense of the personal injury that had been done him by this act of folly.

It was a very lonely ride indeed. There was not a human being abroad at that hour. When he passed a few cottages from time to time, the windows were dark. Then they had just been putting down a lot of loose stones at several parts of the road, which caused Mr. Rosewarne to swear.

"I'll bet a sovereign," said he to himself, "that old Job kept them a quarter of an hour before he opened Paddock's Gate. I believe the old fool goes to bed. Well, they've waked him up for me any way."

There was some consolation in this surmise, which was well founded. When Rosewarne reached the toll-bar, there was at least a light in the small house. He struck on the door with the handle of his riding-whip, and called out—

"Hi, hi! Job! Come out, you old fool!"

An old man, with very bandy legs, came hobbling out of the toll-house, and went to open the gate, talking and muttering to himself—

"Ay, ay! so yū be agwoin' after the young uns, Maister Rosewarne? Ay, ay! yū'll go up many a lane, and by many a fuzzy 'ill, and across a bridge or two afore yū come up wi' 'en, Maister Rosewarne."

"Look sharp, Job!" said Rosewarne. "Carriage been through here lately?"

"Ay, ay, Maister Rosewarne! 'tis a good half-hour agone."

"A half-hour, you idiot?" said Rosewarne, now in a thoroughly bad temper. "You've been asleep and dreaming. Here, take your confounded money!"

So he rode on again, not believing, of course, old Job's malicious fabrication, but being rendered all the same a little uncomfortable by it. Fortunately, the cob had not been out before that day.

More deep lanes, more high, open, windy spaces, more silent cottages, more rough stones; and always the measured fall of the cob's feet and the continued shining and throbbing of the stars overhead. At last, far away ahead, on the top of a high incline, he caught sight of a solitary point of ruddy fire, which presently disappeared. That, he concluded, was the carriage he was pursuing going round a corner, and showing only the one lamp as it turned into the lane. They were not so far in front of him as he had supposed.

But how to overtake them? So soon as they heard the sound of his horse would they dash onward at all risks, and have a race for it all through the night? In that case, George Rosewarne inwardly resolved that they might go to Plymouth, or into the deep sea beyond, before he would injure his favourite cob.

On the other hand, he could not bring them to a standstill by threatening to shoot at his own daughters, even if he had had anything with him that would look like a pistol. Should he have to rely, then, on the moral terrors of a parent's authority? George Rosewarne was inclined to laugh when he thought of his overawing in this fashion the high spirit of his younger daughter.

By slow and sure degrees he gained on the fugitives; and as he could now catch some sound of the rattling of the carriage-wheels, they must also hear his horse's footfall. Were they trying to get away from him? On the contrary, the carriage stopped altogether.

That was Harry Trelyon's decision. For some time back he had been listening attentively. At length he said—

"Don't you hear some one riding back there?"

"Yes, I do!" said Wenna, beginning to tremble.

"I suppose it is Mr. Roscorla coming after us," the young man said coolly. "Now I think it would be a shame to drag the old gentleman halfway down to Plymouth. He must have had a good spell already. Shall I stop, and persuade him to go back home to bed?"

"Oh, no!" said Mabyn, who was all for getting on at any risk.

"Oh, no!" Wenna said, fearing the result of an encounter between the two men.

"I must stop," Trelyon said. "It's such precious hard lines on him. I shall easily persuade him that he would be better at home."

So he pulled up the horses, and quietly waited by the roadside for a few minutes. The unknown rider drew nearer and more near.



"That isn't Rosecorla's pony," said Trelyon, listening. "That's more like your father's cob."

"My father!" said Wenna in a low voice.

"My darling, you needn't be afraid, whoever it is," Trelyon said.

"Certainly not," added Mabyn, who was far more uncomfortable than she chose to appear. "Who can prevent us going on? They don't lock you up in convents nowadays. If it is Mr. Rosecorla, you just let me talk to him."

Their doubt on that head was soon set at rest. White Charley, with his long swinging trot, soon brought George Rosewarne up to the side of the phaeton, and the girls, long ere he had arrived, had recognised in the gloom the tall figure of their father. Even Mabyn was a trifle nervous.

But George Rosewarne—perhaps because he was a little pacified by their having stopped—did not rage and fume as a father is expected to do whose daughter has run away from him. As soon as he had pulled up his horse, he called out in a petulant tone—

"Well! what the devil is all this about?"

"I'll tell you, sir," said Trelyon, quite respectfully and quite firmly. "I wished to marry your daughter Wenna——"

"And why couldn't you do that in Eglosilyan, instead of making a fool of everybody all round?" Rosewarne said, still talking in an angry and vexed way, as of one who had been personally injured.

"Oh, dada!" Mabyn cried, "you don't know how it happened; but they couldn't have got married there. There's that horrid old wretch, Mr. Rosecorla—and Wenna was quite a slave to him, and afraid of him—and the only way was to carry her away from him—and so——"

"Hold your tongue, Mabyn!" her father said. "You'd drive a windmill with your talk!"

"But what she says is true enough," Trelyon said. "Rosecorla has a claim on her—this was my only chance, and I took it. Now look here, Mr. Rosewarne; you've a right to be angry and all that—perhaps you are; but what good will it do you to see Wenna left to marry Rosecorla?"

"What good will it do me?" said George Rosewarne pettishly. "I don't care which of you she marries——"

"Then you'll let us go on, dada?" Mabyn cried. "Will you come with us? Oh, do come with us! We're only going to Plymouth."

Even the angry father could not withstand the absurdity of this appeal. He burst into a roar of ill-tempered laughter.

"I like that!" he cried. "Asking a man to help his daughter to run away from his own house! It's my impression, my young mistress, that you're at the bottom of all this nonsense. Come, come! enough of it, Trelyon! be a sensible fellow, and turn your horses round—why, the notion of going to Plymouth at this time o' night!"

Trelyon looked to his companion. She put her hand on his arm, and said, in a trembling whisper—

"Oh, yes! pray let us go back."

"You know what you are going to, then?" said he coldly.

She trembled still more.

"Come, come!" said her father, "you mustn't stop here all night. You may thank me for preventing your becoming the talk of the whole country."

"I shouldn't have minded that much," Mabyn said ruefully, and very like to cry, indeed, as the horses set out upon their journey back to Eglosilyan.

It was not a pleasant journey for any of them—least of all for Wenna Rosewarne, who, having been bewildered by one wild glimpse of liberty, felt with terror and infinite sadness and despair the old manacles closing round her life again. And what although the neighbours might remain in ignorance of what she had done? She herself knew, and that was enough.

"You think no one will know?" Mabyn called out spitefully to her father. "Do you think old Job at the gate has lost either his tongue or his nasty temper?"

"Leave Job to me," the father replied.

When they got to Paddock's Gate the old man had again to be roused, and he came out grumbling.

"Well, you discontented old sinner!" Rosewarne called to him, "don't you like having to earn a living?"

"A fine livin' to wait on folks that don't know their own mind, and keep comin' and goin' along the road o' nights like a weaver's shuttle. Hm!"

"Well, Job, you shan't suffer for it this time," Rosewarne said. "I've won my bet. If you made fifty pounds by riding a few miles out, what would you give the gatekeeper?"

Even that suggestion failed to inveigle Job into a better humour.

"Here's a sovereign for you, Job. Now go to bed. Good night!"

How long the distance seemed to be ere they saw the lights of Eglosilyan again! There were only one or two small points of red fire, indeed, where the inn stood. The rest of the village was buried in darkness.

"Oh! what will mother say?" Wenna said in a low voice to her sister.

"She will be very sorry we did not get away altogether," Mabyn answered. "And of course it was Mr. Roscorla who spoiled it. Nobody knew anything about it but himself. He must have run on to the inn and told some one. Wasn't it mean, Wenna? Couldn't he see that he wasn't wanted?"

"Are you talking of Mr. Roscorla?" Trelyon said—George Rosewarne was a bit ahead at this moment. "I wish to goodness I had gagged him and slung him below the phaeton. I knew he would be coming down there. I expected him every moment. Why were you so late, Mabyn?"

"Oh! you needn't blame me, Mr. Trelyon," said Mabyn, rather hurt. "You know I did everything I could for you."

"I know you did, Mabyn : I wish it had turned out better."

What was this, then, that Wenna heard, as she sate there, bewildered, apprehensive, and sad-hearted ? Had her own sister joined in this league to carry her off ? It was not merely the audacity of young Trelyon that had led to their meeting ? But she was altogether too frightened and wretched to be angry.

As they got down into Eglosilyan, and turned the sharp corner over the bridge, they did not notice the figure of a man who had been concealing himself in the darkness of a shed belonging to a slate-yard. So soon as they had passed, he went some little way after them until, from the bridge, he could see them stop at the door of the inn. Was it Mrs. Rosewarne who came out of the glare, and with something like a cry of delight caught her daughter in her arms ? He watched the figures go inside, and the phaeton drive away up the hill ; then, in the perfect silence of the night, he turned and slowly made his way towards Basset Cottage.

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#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### AN ANGRY INTERVIEW.

NEXT morning George Rosewarne was seated on the old oak bench in front of the inn, reading a newspaper. Happening to look up, he saw Mr. Roscorla hurrying towards him over the bridge, with no very pleasant expression on his face. As he came nearer, he saw that the man was strangely excited.

"I want to see your daughter alone," he said.

"You needn't speak as if I had tried to run away with her," Rosewarne answered, with more good nature than was his wont. "Well, go indoors. Ask for her mother."

As Roscorla passed him there was a look in his eyes which rather startled George Rosewarne.

"Is it possible," he asked himself, "that this elderly chap is really badly in love with our Wenna ?"

But another thought struck him. He suddenly jumped up, followed Roscorla into the passage, where the latter was standing, and said to him—

"Don't you be too harsh with Wenna. She's only a girl ; and they're all alike." This hint, however discourteous in its terms, had some significance as coming from a man who was six inches taller than Mr. Roscorla.

Mr. Roscorla was shown into an empty room. He marched up and down looking at nothing. He was simply in an ungovernable rage.

Wenna came, and shut the door behind her ; and for a second or so he stared at her as if expecting her to burst into passionate professions of remorse. On the contrary, there was something more than calmness in

her appearance—there was the desperation of a hunted animal that is driven to turn upon its pursuer in the mere agony of helplessness.

"Well!" said he—for, indeed, his passion almost deprived him of his power of speech—"what have you to say? Perhaps nothing? It is nothing, perhaps, to a woman to be treacherous—to tell smooth lies to your face, and to go plotting against you behind your back? You have nothing to say? You have nothing to say?"

"I have nothing to say," she said, with some little sadness in her voice, "that would excuse me, either to you or to myself—yes! I know that. But—but I did not intentionally deceive you——"

He turned away with an angry gesture.

"Indeed, indeed I did not," she said piteously. "I had mistaken my own feelings—the temptation was too great. Oh, Mr. Roscorla! you need not say harsh things of me, for indeed I think worse of myself than you can do."

"And I suppose you want forgiveness now?" he added bitterly. "But I have had enough of that. A woman pledges you her affection, promises to marry you, professes to have no doubts as to the future; and all the while she is secretly encouraging the attentions of a young jackanapes who is playing with her and making a fool of her——"

Wenna Rosewarne's cheeks began to burn red: a less angry man would have taken warning.

"Yes—playing with her and making a fool of her. And for what? To pass an idle time, and make her the bye-word of her neighbours."

"It is not true! it is not true!" she said indignantly; and there was a dangerous light in her eyes. "If he were here, you would not dare to say such things to me—no, you would not dare!"

"Perhaps you expect him to call after the pretty exploit of last night?" asked Roscorla, with a sneer.

"I do not," she said. "I hope I shall never see him again. It is—it is only misery to every one——"

And here she broke down, in spite of herself. Her anger gave way to a burst of tears.

"But what madness is this?" Rosecorla cried. "You wish never to meet him again; yet you are ready at a moment's notice to run away with him, disgracing yourself and your family. You make promises about never seeing him; you break them the instant you get the opportunity. You profess that your girlish fancy for a barber's block of a fellow has been got over; and then, as soon as one's back is turned, you reveal your hypocrisy——"

"Indeed I did not mean to deceive you," she said imploringly. "I did believe that all that was over and gone. I thought it was a foolish fancy——"

"And now?" said he hotly.

"Oh, Mr. Roscorla, you ought to pity me instead of being angry with me. I do love him—I cannot help it. You will not ask me to marry

you! See, I will undertake not to marry him—I will undertake never to see him again—if only you will not ask me to keep my promise to you. How can I! How can I?"

"Pity you! and these are the confessions you make!" he exclaimed. "Why, are you not ashamed of yourself to say such things to me? And so you would undertake not to marry him? I know what your undertakings are worth!"

He had struck her hard—his very hardest indeed; but she would not suffer herself to reply, for she believed she deserved far more punishment than he could inflict. All that she could hope for—all that her whole nature cried out for—was that he should not think her treacherous. She had not intentionally deceived him. She had not planned that effort at escape. But when, in a hurried and pathetic fashion, she endeavoured to explain all this to him, he would not listen. He angrily told her he knew well how women could gloss over such matters. He was no schoolboy to be hoodwinked. It was not as if she had had no warning; her conduct before had been bad enough, when it was possible to overlook it on the score of carelessness, but now it was such as would disgrace any woman who knew her honour was concerned in holding to the word she had spoken.

"And what is he?" he cried, mad with wrath and jealousy. "An ignorant booby! a ploughboy! a lout who has neither the manners of a gentleman nor the education of a day-labourer. —"

"Yes, you may well say such things of him now," said she, with her eyes flashing, "when his back is turned. You would not say so if he were here. But he—yes, if he were here—he would tell you what he thinks of you; for he is a gentleman and not a coward."

Angry as he was, Mr. Roscorla was astounded. The fire in her eyes, the flush in her cheeks, the impetuosity of her voice—were these the patient Wenna of old? But a girl betrays herself sometimes, if she happens to have to defend her lover.

"Oh! it is shameful of you to say such things!" she said. "And you know they are not true. There is not any one I have ever seen who is so manly, and frank, and unselfish as Mr. Trelyon—not any one; and if I have seen that—if I have admired too much—well, that is a great misfortune, and I have to suffer for it."

"To suffer?—yes," said he, bitterly. "That is a pretty form of suffering that makes you plan a runaway marriage—a marriage that would bring into your possession the largest estates in the North of Cornwall. A very pretty form of suffering! May I ask when the experiment is to be repeated?"

"You may insult me as you like—I am only a woman," she said.

"Insult you?" he cried, with fresh vehemence. "Is it insult to speak the truth? Yesterday forenoon, when I saw you, you were all smiles and smoothness. When I spoke of our marriage, you made no objection. But all the same you knew that at night —"

"I did not know—I did not know!" she said. "You ought to believe me when I tell you I knew no more about it than you did. When I met him there at night—it was all so sudden, so unexpected—I scarcely knew what I said; but now—but now I have time to think—Oh, Mr. Roscorla, don't think that I do not regret it! I will do anything you ask me—I will promise what you please—indeed, I will undertake never to see him again as long as I live in this world—only, you won't ask me to keep my promise to you —"

He made no reply to this offer; for a step outside the door caused him to mutter something very like an oath between his teeth. The door was thrown open; Mabyn marched in—a little pale, but very erect.

"Mabyn, leave us alone for a moment or two," said Wenna, turning away so as to hide the tears on her face.

"I will not. I want to speak a word or two to Mr. Roscorla."

"Mabyn, I want you to go away just now."

Mabyn went over to her sister, and took her by the hand.

"Wenna, dear, go away to your own room. You've had quite enough—you are trembling all over. I suppose he'll make me tremble next."

"Really, I think your interference is rather extraordinary, Miss Mabyn," said Mr. Roscorla, striving to contain his rage.

"I beg your pardon," said Mabyn, meekly. "I only want to say a word or two. Wouldn't it be better here than before the servants?"

With that she led Wenna away. In a minute or two she returned. Mr. Roscorla would rather have been shut up in a den with a hungry tigress.

"I am quite at your service," he said with a bitter irony. "I suppose you have some very important communication to make, considering the way in which you —"

"Interfered? Yes, it is time that I interfered," Mabyn said, still quite calm and a trifle pale. "Mr. Roscorla, to be frank, I don't like you, and perhaps I am not quite fair to you. I am only a young girl, and don't know what the world would say about your relations with Wenna. But Wenna is my sister, and I see she is wretched; and her wretchedness—well, that comes of her engagement to you."

She was standing before him, with her eyes cast down, apparently determined to be very moderate in her speech. But there was a cruel frankness in her words which hurt Mr. Roscorla a good deal more than any tempest of passion into which she might have worked herself.

"Is that all?" said he. "You have not startled me with any revelations."

"I was going to say," continued Mabyn, "that a gentleman who has really a regard for a girl would not insist on her keeping a promise which only rendered her unhappy. I don't see what you are to gain by it. I suppose you—you expect Wenna to marry you? Well, I dare say if you called on her to punish herself that way, she might do it. But what good would that do you? Would you like to have a wife who was in love with another man?"



"You have become quite logical, Miss Mabyn," said he, "and argument suits you better than getting into a rage. And much of what you say is quite true. You *are* a very young girl. You don't know much of what the world would say about anything. But being furnished with these admirable convictions, did it never occur to you that you might not be acting wisely in blundering into an affair of which you know nothing?"

The coldly sarcastic fashion in which he spoke threatened to disturb Mabyn's forced equanimity.

"Know nothing?" she said. "I know everything about it; and I can see that my sister is miserable—that is sufficient reason for my interference. Mr. Roscorla, you won't ask her to marry you!"

Had the proud and passionate Mabyn condescended to make an appeal to her ancient enemy? At last she raised her eyes; and they seemed to plead for mercy.

"Come, come," he said, roughly. "I've had enough of all this sham beseeching. I know what it means. Trelyon is a richer man than I am; she has let her idle girlish notions go dreaming daydreams; and so I am expected to stand aside. There has been enough of this nonsense. She is not a child; she knows what she undertook of her own free will; and she knows she can get rid of this schoolgirl fancy directly if she chooses. I for one won't help her to disgrace herself."

Mabyn began to breathe a little more quickly. She had tried to be reasonable; she had even humbled herself and begged from him; now there was a sensation in her chest as of some rising emotion that demanded expression in quick words.

"You will try to make her marry you?" said she, looking him in the face.

"I will try to do nothing of the sort," said he. "She can do as she likes. But she knows what an honourable woman would do."

"And I," said Mabyn, her temper at length quite getting the better of her, "I know what an honourable man would do. He would refuse to bind a girl to a promise which she fears. He would consider her happiness to be of more importance than his comfort. Why, I don't believe you care at all whether Wenna marries you or not—it is only you can't bear her being married to the man she really does love—it is only envy, that's what it is. Oh! I am ashamed to think there is a man alive who would force a girl into becoming his wife on such terms —"

"There is certainly one considerable objection to my marrying your sister," said he, with great politeness. "The manners of some of her relatives might prove embarrassing."

"Yes, that is true enough," Mabyn said, with hot cheeks. "If ever I became a relative of yours, my manners no doubt would embarrass you very considerably. But I am not a relative of yours as yet, nor is my sister."

"May I consider that you have said what you had to say?" said he, taking up his hat.

Proud and angry, and at the same time mortified by her defeat, Mabyn found herself speechless. He did not offer to shake hands with her. He bowed to her in passing out. She made the least possible acknowledgment, and then she was alone. Of course, a hearty cry followed. She felt she had done no good. She had determined to be calm; whereas all the calmness had been on his side, and she had been led into speaking in a manner which a discreet and well-bred young lady would have shrunk from in horror. Mabyn sat still and sobbed, partly in anger and partly in disappointment; she dared not even go to tell her sister.

But Mr. Rosecorla, as he went over the bridge again, and went up to Basset Cottage, had lost all his assumed coolness of judgment and demeanour. He felt he had been tricked by Wenna and insulted by Mabyn, while his rival had established a hold which it would be in vain for him to seek to remove. He was in a passion of rage. He would not go near Wenna again. He would at once set off for London and enjoy himself there while his holiday lasted; he would not write a word to her; then, when the time arrived, he would set sail for Jamaica, leaving her to her own conscience. He was suffering a good deal from anger, envy, and jealousy; but he was consoled by the thought that she was suffering more. And he reflected, with some comfort to himself, that she would scarcely so far demean herself as to marry Harry Trelyon, so long as she knew in her heart what he, Rosecorla, would think of her for so doing.

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#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

##### THE OLD HALF-FORGOTTEN JOKE.

"Has he gone?" Wenna asked of her sister, the next day.

"Yes, he has," Mabyn answered, with a proud and revengeful face.

"It was quite true what Mrs. Cornish told me—I've no doubt she had her instructions. He has just driven away to Launceston, on his way to London."

"Without a word!"

"Would you like to have had another string of arguments?" Mabyn said, impatiently. "Oh, Wenna, you don't know what mischief all this is doing. You are awake all night; you cry half the day; what is to be the end of it? You will work yourself into a fever."

"Yes, there must be an end of it," Wenna said, with decision, "not for myself alone, but for others. That is all the reparation I can make now. No girl in all this country has ever acted so badly as I have done—just look at the misery I have caused; but now——"

"There is one who is miserable, because he loves you," Mabyn said.

"Do you think that Mr. Rosecorla has no feelings? You are so unjust to him. Well, it does not matter now: all this must come to an end. Mabyn, I should like to see Mr. Trelyon, just for one minute."

"What will you say to him, Wenna?" her sister said, with a sudden fear.

"Something that it is necessary to say to him, and the sooner it is over the better."

Mabyn rather dreaded the result of this interview; and yet, she reflected to herself, here was an opportunity for Harry Trelyon to try to win some promise from her sister. Better, in any case, that they should meet than that Wenna should simply drive him away into banishment without a word of explanation.

The meeting was easily arranged. On the next morning, long before Wenna's daily round of duties had commenced, the two sisters left the inn, and went over the bridge, and out to the bold promontory of black rock at the mouth of the harbour. There was nobody about. This October morning was more like a summer-day; the air was mild and still; the blue sky without a cloud; the shining sea plashed around the rocks with the soft murmuring noise of a July calm. It was on these rocks, long ago, that Wenna Rosewarne had pledged herself to become the wife of Mr. Roscorla; and at that time life had seemed to her, if not brilliant and beautiful, at least grateful and peaceful. Now all the peace had gone out of it.

"Oh, my darling!" Trelyon said when she advanced alone towards him—for Mabyn had withdrawn. "It is so good of you to come. Wenna, what has frightened you?"

He had seized both her hands in his; but she took them away again. For one brief second her eyes had met his, and there was a sort of wistful and despairing kindness in them; then she stood before him, with her face turned away from him, and her voice low and tremulous.

"I did wish to see you—for once—for the last time," she said. "If you had gone away, you would have carried with you cruel thoughts of me. I wish to ask your forgiveness —"

"My forgiveness?"

"Yes, for all that you may have suffered; and—for all that may trouble you in the future—not in the future, but for the little time you will remember what has taken place here. Mr. Trelyon, I—I did not know! Indeed, it is all a mystery to me now—and a great misery —"

Her lips began to quiver; but she controlled herself.

"And surely it will only be for a short time, if you think of it at all. You are young—you have all the world before you. When you go away among other people and see all the different things that interest a young man, you will soon forget whatever has happened here."

"And you say that to me," he said, "and you said the other night that you loved me. It is nothing, then, for people who love each other to go away, and be consoled, and never see each other again?"

Again the lips quivered: he had no idea of the terrible effort that was needed to keep this girl calm.

"I did say that —" she said.

"And it was true?" he broke in.

"It was true then—it is true now—that is all the misery of it!" she exclaimed, with tears starting to her eyes.

"And you talk of our being separated for ever!" he cried. "No!—not if I can help it! Mabyn has told me of all your scruples—they are not worth looking at. I tell you you are no more bound to that man than Mabyn is; and that isn't much. If he is such a mean hound as to insist on your marrying him, then I will appeal to your father and mother, and they must prevent him. Or I will go to him myself, and settle the matter in a shorter way —"

"You cannot now," she said; "he has gone away. And what good would that have done? I would never marry any man unless I could do so with a clear and happy conscience; and if you—if you and Mabyn—see nothing in my treatment of *him* that is wrong, then that is very strange; but I cannot acquit myself. No; I hope no woman will ever treat you as I have treated him. Look at his position—an elderly man, with few friends—he has not all the best of his life before him as you have—or the good spirits of youth—and after he had gone away to Jamaica, taking my promise with him—oh! I am ashamed of myself when I think on all that has happened."

"Then you've no right to be," said he, hotly. "It was the most natural thing in the world, and he ought to have known it, that a young girl who has been argued into engaging herself to an old man should consider her being in love with another man as something of rather more importance—of a good deal more importance, I should say. And his suffering? He suffers no more than this lump of rock does. That is not his way of thinking—to be bothered about anything. He may be angry, yes!—and vexed for the moment, as is natural; but if you think he is going about the world with a load of agony on him, then you're quite mistaken. And if he were, what good could you do by making yourself miserable as well? Wenna, do be reasonable, now."

Had not another, on this very spot, prayed her to be reasonable? She had yielded then. Mr. Rosecorla's arguments were incontrovertible, and she had shrinkingly accepted the conclusion. Now, young Trelyon's representations and pleadings were far less cogent; but how strongly her heart went with them!

"No!" she said, as if she were shaking off the influence of the tempter, "I must not listen to you. Yet you don't seem to think that it costs me anything to ask you to bid me good-bye once and for all. It should be less to you than to me. A girl thinks of these things more than a man—she has little else to think of—he goes out into the world and forgets. And you—you will go away, and you will become such a man as all who know you will love to speak of and be proud of; and some day you will come back, and if you like to come down to the inn, then there will be one or two there glad to see you. Mr. Trelyon, don't ask me to tell you why this should be so. I know it to be right; my heart tells me. Now I will say good-bye to you."

"And when I come back to the inn, will you be there?" said he, becoming rather pale. "No; you will be married to a man whom you will hate."

"Indeed no," she said, with her face flushing and her eyes cast down. "How can that be after what has taken place? He could not ask me. All that I begged of him before he went away was this—that he would not ask me to marry him; and if only he would do that, I promised never to see you again—after bidding you good-bye as I do now."

"And is that the arrangement?" said he, rather roughly. "Are we to play at dog in the manger? He is not to marry you himself; but he will not let any other man marry you?"

"Surely he has some right to consideration," she said.

"Well, Wenna," said he, "if you've made up your mind, there's no more to be said. I think you are needlessly cruel ——"

"You won't say that, just as we are parting," she said, in a low voice. "Do you think it is nothing to me?"

He looked at her for a moment with a great sadness and compunction in his eyes; then, moved by an uncontrollable impulse, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her on the lips.

"Now," said he, with his face white as death, "tell me that you will never marry any other man as long as you live!"

"Yes, I will say that," she said to him, in a low voice, and with a face as white as his own.

"Swear it, then!"

"I have said that I will never marry any other man than you," she said, "and that is enough—for me. But as for you—why must you go away thinking of such things? You will see some day what madness it would have been—you will come some day and thank me for having told you so—and then—and then—if anything should be mentioned about what I said just now, you will laugh at the old, half-forgotten joke ——"

Well, there was no laughing at the joke just then; for the girl burst into tears, and in the midst of that she hastily pressed his hand, and hurried away. He watched her go round the rocks, to the cleft leading down to the harbour. There she was rejoined by her sister; and the two of them went slowly along the path of broken slate, with the green hill above, the blue water below, and the fair sunshine all around them. Many a time he recalled afterwards—and always with an increasing weight at his heart—how sombre seemed to him that bright October day and the picturesque opening of the coast leading in to Eglosilyn. For it was the last glimpse of Wenna Rosewarne that he was to have for many a day; and a sadder picture was never treasured up in a man's memory.

"Oh, Wenna, what have you said to him that you tremble so?" Mabyn asked.

"I have bid him good-bye—that is all."

"Not for always?"

"Yes, for always."

"And he is going away again, then?"

"Yes, as a young man should. Why should he stop here to make himself wretched over impossible fancies? He will go out into the world; and he has splendid health and spirits; and he will forget all this."

"And you—you are anxious to forget it all too?"

"Would it not be better? What good can come of dreaming? Well, I've plenty of work to do; that is well."

Mabyn was very much inclined to cry: all her beautiful visions of the future happiness of her sister had been rudely dispelled. All her schemes and machinations had gone for nothing. There only remained to her, in the way of consolation, the fact that Wenna still wore the sapphire ring that Harry Trelyon had sent her.

"And what will his mother think of you?" said Mabyn, as a last argument, "when she finds you have sent him away altogether—to go into the army, and go abroad, and perhaps die of yellow fever, or be shot by the Sepoys and the Caffres?"

"She would have hated me if I had married him," said Wenna, simply.

"Oh, Wenna, how dare you say such a thing!" Mabyn cried. "What do you mean by it?"

"Would a lady in her position like her only son to marry the daughter of an innkeeper?" Wenna asked, rather indifferently: indeed, her thoughts were elsewhere.

"I tell you there's no one in the world she loves like you—I can see it every time she comes down for you—and she believes, and I believe too, that you have changed Mr. Trelyon's way of talking and his manner of treating people in such a fashion as no one would have considered possible. Do you think she hasn't eyes? He is scarcely ever impertinent now—when he is it is always in good-nature, and never in sulkiness. Look at his kindness to Mr. Trehella's granddaughter; and Mr. Trehella a clergyman too. Did he ever use to take his mother out for a drive? No, never! And of course she knows whom it's all owing to; and if you would marry Mr. Trelyon, Wenna, I believe she would worship you and think nothing good enough for you ——"

"Mabyn, I am going to ask something of you."

"Oh, yes, I know what it is," her sister said. "I am not to speak any more about your marriage with Mr. Trelyon. But I won't give you any such promise, Wenna. I don't consider that that old man has any hold on you."

Wenna said nothing; for at this moment they entered the house. Mabyn went up with her sister to her room; then she stood undecided for a moment; finally she said—

"Wenna, if I've vexed you, I'm very sorry. I won't speak of Mr. Trelyon if you don't wish it. But indeed, indeed you don't know how many people are anxious that you should be happy—and you can't expect your own sister not to be as anxious as any one else ——"



"Mabyn, you're a good girl," Wenna said, kissing her. "But I am rather tired to-day—I think I shall lie down for a little while ——"

Mabyn uttered a sharp cry, for her sister had fallen back on a chair, white and insensible. She hastily bathed her forehead with cold water; she chafed her hands; she got hold of some smelling-salts. It was only a faint, after all; and Wenna, having come to, said she would lie down on the sofa for a few minutes. Mabyn said nothing to her mother about all this, for it would have driven Mrs. Rosewarne wild with anxiety; but she herself was rather disquieted with Wenna's appearance, and she said to herself, with great bitterness of heart—

"If my sister falls ill, I know who has done that."

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### NEW AMBITIONS.

MR. ROSCORLA, having had few friends throughout his life, had developed a most methodical habit of communing with himself on all possible subjects, but more particularly, of course, upon his own affairs. He used up his idle hours in defining his position with regard to the people and things around him, and he was never afraid to convince himself of the exact truth. He never tried to cheat himself into the belief that he was more unselfish than might appear; if other people thought so, good and well. He, at least, was not a hypocrite to himself.

Now, he had not been gone above a couple of hours or so from Eglosilyan when he discovered that he was not weighted with terrible woes; on the contrary, he experienced a feeling of austere satisfaction that he was leaving a good deal of trouble behind him. He had been badly used; he had been righteously angry. It was right that they who had thus used him badly should be punished. As for him, if his grief did not trouble him much, that was a happy peculiarity of his temperament which did not lessen their offence against him.

Most certainly he was not weighted with woe. He had a pleasant drive in the morning over to Launceston; he smoked a cigarette or two in the train. When he arrived at Plymouth, he ordered a very nice luncheon at the nearest hotel, and treated himself to a bottle of the best Burgundy the waiter could recommend him. After that he got into a smoking carriage in the London express; he lit a large cigar; he wrapped a thick rug round his legs, and settled himself down in peace for the long journey. Now was an excellent time to find out exactly how his affairs stood.

He was indeed very comfortable. Leaving Eglosilyan had not troubled him. There was something in the knowledge that he was at last free from all those exciting scenes which a quiet middle-aged man, not believing in romance, found trying to his nervous system. This brief holiday in

Eglosilyan had been anything but a pleasant one; was he not, on the whole, glad to get away?

Then he recollected that the long-expected meeting with his betrothed had not been so full of delight as he had anticipated. Was there not just a trace of disappointment in the first shock of feeling at their meeting? She was certainly not a handsome woman—such a one as he might have preferred to introduce to his friends about Kensington, in the event of his going back to live in London.

Then he thought of old General Weekes. He felt a little ashamed of himself for not having had the courage to tell the General and his wife that he meant to marry one of the young ladies who had interested them. Would it not be awkward, too, to have to introduce Wenna Rosewarne to them in her new capacity?

That speculation carried him on to the question of his marriage. There could be no doubt that his betrothed had become a little too fond of the handsomest young man in the neighbourhood. Perhaps that was natural; but at all events she was now very much ashamed of what had happened, and he might trust her to avoid Harry Trelyon in the future. That having been secured, would not her thoughts naturally drift back to the man to whom she had plighted a troth which was still formally binding on her? Time was on his side. She would forget that young man; she would be anxious, as soon as these temporary disturbances of her affections were over, to atone for the past by her conduct in the future. Girls had very strong notions about duty.

Well, he drove to his club, and finding one of the bedrooms free, he engaged it for a week, the longest time possible. He washed, dressed, and went down to dinner. To his great delight, the first man he saw was old Sir Percy himself, who was writing out a very elaborate *menu*, considering that he was ordering dinner for himself only. He and Mr. Roscorla agreed to dine together.

Now, for some years back Mr. Roscorla, in visiting his club, had found himself in a very isolated and uncomfortable position. Long ago he had belonged to the younger set—to those reckless young fellows who were not afraid to eat a hasty dinner, and then rush off to take a mother and a couple of daughters to the theatre, returning at midnight to some anchovy toast and a glass of Burgundy, followed by a couple of hours of brandy-and-soda, cigars, and billiards. But he had drifted away from that set; indeed, they had disappeared, and he knew none of their successors. On the other hand, he had never got into the ways of the old-fogey set. Those stout old gentlemen who carefully drank nothing but claret and seltzer, who took a quarter of an hour to write out their dinner-bill, who spent the evening in playing whist, kept very much to themselves. It was into this set that the old General now introduced him. Mr. Roseorla had quite the air of a bashful young man when he made one of a party of those ancients, who dined at the same table each evening. He was almost ashamed to order a pint of champagne for himself—it

savoured so much of youth. He was silent in the presence of his seniors; and indeed they were garrulous enough to cover his silence. Their talk was mostly of politics—not the politics of the country, but the politics of office; of under-secretaries and candidates for place. They seemed to look on the Government of the country as a sort of mechanical clock, which from time to time sent out a few small figures, and from time to time took them in again; and they showed an astonishing acquaintance with the internal and intricate mechanism which produced these changes. Perhaps it was because they were so busy in watching for changes on the face of the clock that they seemed to forget the swinging onward of the great world outside, and the solemn march of the stars.

Most of those old gentlemen had lived their life—had done their share of heavy dining and reckless drinking many years ago—and thus it was they had come to drink seltzer and claret. But it appeared that it was their custom, after dinner, to have the table-cover removed, and some port wine placed on the mahogany. Mr. Roscorla, who had felt as yet no ugly sensations about his finger-joints, regarded this ceremony with equanimity; but it was made the subject of some ominous joking on the part of his companions. Then joking led to joking. There were no more politics. Some very funny stories were told. Occasionally one or two names were introduced, as of persons well known in London society, though not of it; and Mr. Roscorla was surprised that he had never heard these names before—you see how one becomes ignorant of the world if one buries oneself down in Cornwall. Mr. Roscorla began to take quite an interest in these celebrated people, in the price of their ponies, and the diamonds they were understood to have worn at a certain very singular ball. He was pleased to hear, too, of the manner in which the aristocracy of England were resuming their ancient patronage of the arts; for he was given to understand that a young earl or baron could scarcely be considered a man of fashion unless he owned a theatre.

On their way up to the card-room, Mr. Roscorla and one of his venerable companions went into the hall to get their cigar-case from their top-coat pocket. This elderly gentleman had been the governor of an island in the Pacific. He had now been resident for many years in England. He was on the directorate of one or two well-known commercial companies; he had spoken at several meetings on the danger of dissociating religion from education in the training of the young; in short, he was a tower of respectability. On the present occasion he had to pull out a muffler to get at his cigar-case; and with the muffler came a small parcel tied up in tissue-paper.

"Neat, aren't they?" said he, with a senile grin, showing Mr. Roscorla the tips of a pair of pink satin slippers.

"Yes," said Mr. Roscorla; "I suppose they're for your daughter."

They went up to the card-room.

"I expect you'll teach us a lesson, Roscorla," said the old General.

"Gad, some of you West-Indian fellows know the difference between a ten and an ace."

"Last time I played cards," Roscorla said, modestly, "I was lucky enough to win 48l."

"Whew! We can't afford that sort of thing on this side of the water—not if you happen to serve Her Majesty any way. Come, let's cut for partners!"

There was but little talking, of course, during the card-playing; at the end of it Mr. Roscorla found he had only lost half-a-sovereign. Then everybody adjourned to a snug little smoking-room, to which only members were admitted. This, to the neophyte, was the pleasantest part of the evening. He seemed to hear of everything that was going on in London—and a good deal more besides. He was behind the scenes of all the commercial, social, political performances which were causing the vulgar crowd to gape. He discovered the true history of the hostility shown by So-and-so to the Premier; he was told the little scandal which caused Her Majesty to refuse to knight a certain gentleman who had claims on the Government; he heard what the Duke really did offer to the gamekeeper whose eye he had shot out, and the language used by the keeper on the occasion; and he received such information about the financial affairs of many a company as made him wonder whether the final collapse of the commercial world were at hand. He forgot that he had heard quite similar stories twenty years before. Then they had been told by ingenuous youths full of the importance of the information they had just acquired; now they were told by garrulous old gentlemen, with a cynical laugh which was more amusing than the hot-headed asseveration of the juniors. It was, on the whole, a delightful evening—this first evening of his return to club-life; and then it was so convenient to go upstairs to bed instead of having to walk from the inn of Eglosilyan to Basset Cottage.

Just before leaving, the old General took Roscorla aside, and said to him—

"Monstrous amusing fellows, eh?"

"Very."

"Just a word. Don't you let old Lewis lug you into any of his companies—you understand?"

"There's not much fear of that!" Mr. Roscorla said, with a laugh. "I haven't a brass farthing to invest."

"All you West-Indians say that; however, so much the better. And there's old Strafford, too; he's got some infernal india-rubber patent. Gad, sir, he knows no more about those commercial fellows than the man in the moon; and they'll ruin him—mark my words, they'll ruin him."

Roscorla was quite pleased to be advised. It made him feel young and ingenuous. After all, the disparity in years between him and his late companions was most obvious.

"And when are you coming to dine with us, eh?" the General said, lighting a last cigar and getting his hat. "To-morrow night?—quiet

family party, you know; her ladyship 'll be awfully glad to see you. Is it a bargain? All right—seven; we're early folks. I say—you needn't mention I dined here to-night; to tell you the truth, I'm supposed to be looking after a company too, and precious busy about it. Mum's the word; d'ye see?"

Really this plunge into a new sort of life was quite delightful. When he went down to breakfast next morning, he was charmed with the order and cleanliness of everything around him; the sunlight was shining in at the large windows; there was a bright fire, in front of which he stood and read the paper until his cutlets came. There was no croaking of an old Cornish housekeeper over her bills; no necessity for seeing if the grocer had been correct in his addition. Then there was a slight difference between the cooking here and that which prevailed in Basset Cottage.

In a comfortable frame of mind he leisurely walked down to Cannon Street, and announced himself to his partners. He sat for an hour or so in a snug little parlour, talking over their joint venture, and describing all that had been done. There was, indeed, every ground for hope; and he was pleased to hear them say that they were especially obliged to him for having gone out to verify the reports that had been sent home, and for his personal supervision while there. They hoped he would draw on the joint association for a certain sum which should represent the value of that supervision.

Now, if Mr. Roscorla had really been possessed at this moment of the wealth to which he looked forward, he would not have taken so much interest in it. He would have said to himself—

"What is the life I am to lead, now that I have this money? Having luncheon at the club; walking in the Park in the afternoon; dining with a friend in the evening, and playing whist or billiards, with the cheerless return to a bachelor's chambers at night? Is that all that my money can give me?"

But he had not the money. He looked forward to it; and it seemed to him that it contained all the possibilities of happiness. Then he would be free. No more stationary dragging out of existence in that Cornish cottage. He would move about; he would enjoy life. He was still younger than those jovial old fellows who seemed to be happy enough. When he thought of Wenna Rosewarne, it was with the notion that marriage very considerably hampers a man's freedom of action.

If a man were married, could he have a choice of thirty dishes for luncheon? Could he have the first edition of the evening papers brought him almost damp from the press? Then how pleasant it was to be able to smoke a cigar and to write one or two letters at the same time—in a large and well-ventilated room. Mr. Roscorla did not fail to draw on his partners for the sum they had mentioned; he was not short of money, but he might as well gather the first few drops of the coming shower.

He did not go up to walk in the Park, for he knew there would be almost nobody there at that time of the year; but he walked up to Bond

Street and bought a pair of dress-boots, after which he returned to the club, and played billiards with one of his companions of the previous evening, until it was time to dress for dinner.

The party at the General's was a sufficiently small one; for you cannot ask any one to dinner at a few hours' notice, except it be a merry and marriageable widow who has been told that she will meet an elderly and marriageable bachelor. This complaisant lady was present; and Mr. Rosecorla found himself on his entrance being introduced to a good-looking, buxom dame, who had a healthy, merry, roseate face, very black eyes and hair, and a somewhat gorgeous dress. She was a trifle demure at first, but her amiable shyness soon wore off, and she was most kind to Mr. Rosecorla. He, of course, had to take in Lady Weekes; but Mrs. Seton-Willoughby sate opposite him, and, while keeping the whole table amused with an account of her adventures in Galway, appeared to address the narrative principally to the stranger.

"Oh, my dear Lady Weekes," she said, "I was so glad to get back to Brighton! I thought I should have forgotten my own language, and taken to war-paint and feathers, if I had remained much longer. And Brighton is so delightful just now—just comfortably filled, without the November crush having set in. Now, couldn't you persuade the General to take you down for a few days? I am going down on Friday; and you know how dreadful it is for a poor lone woman to be in an hotel, especially with a maid who spends all her time in flirting with the first-floor waiters. Now wont you, dear? I assure you the — Hotel is most charming—such freedom, and the pleasant parties they make up in the drawing-room; I believe they have a ball two or three nights a week just now —"

"I should have thought you would have found the — rather quieter," said Mr. Rosecorla, naming a good, old-fashioned house.

"Rather quieter?" said the widow, raising her eyebrows. "Yes, a good deal quieter! About as quiet as a dissenting chapel. No, no; if one means to have a little pleasure, why go to such a place as that? Now, will you come and prove the truth of what I have told you?"

Mr. Rosecorla looked alarmed; and even the solemn Lady Weekes had to conceal a smile.

"Of course I mean you to persuade our friends here to come too," the widow explained. "What a delightful frolic it would be—for a few days, you know, to break away from London! Now, my dear, what do you say?"

She turned to her hostess. That small and sombre person referred her to the General. The General, on being appealed to, said he thought it would be a capital joke; and would Mr. Rosecorla go with them? Mr. Rosecorla, not seeing why he should not have a little frolic of this sort just like any one else, said he would. So they agreed to meet at Victoria Station on the following Friday.

"Struck, eh?" said the old General, when the two gentlemen were



alone after dinner. "Has she wounded you, eh? Gad, sir, that woman has 8,000*l.* a year in the India Four per Cents. Would you believe it? Would you believe that any man could have been such a fool as to put such a fortune into India Four per Cents.?—with mortgages going a-begging at six, and the marine insurance companies paying thirteen! Well, my boy, what do you think of her? She was most uncommonly attentive to you, that I'll swear—don't deny it—now, don't deny it. Bless my soul, you marrying men are so sly there's no getting at you. Well, what was I saying? Yes, yes—will she do? 8,000*l.* a year, as I'm a living sinner."

Mr. Roscorla was intensely flattered to have it even supposed that the refusal of such a fortune was within his power.

"Well," said he, modestly and yet critically, "she's not quite my style. I'm rather afraid of three-deckers. But she seems a very good-natured sort of woman."

"Good-natured! Is that all you say? I can tell you, in my time, men were nothing so particular when there was 8,000*l.* a year going a-begging."

"Well, well," said Mr. Roscorla, with a smile. "It is a very good joke. When she marries, she'll marry a younger man than I am——"

"Don't you be mistaken—don't you be mistaken!" the old General cried. "You've made an impression—I'll swear you have; and I told her ladyship you would."

"And what did Lady Weekes say?"

"Gad, sir, she said it would be a deuced good thing for both of you."

"She is very kind," said Mr. Roscorla, pleased at the notion of having such a prize within reach, and yet not pleased that Lady Weekes should have fancied this the sort of woman he would care to marry.

They went to Brighton, and a very pleasant time of it they had at the big, noisy hotel. The weather was delightful. Mrs. Seton-Willoughby was excessively fond of riding; forenoon and afternoon they had their excursions, with the pleasant little dinner of the evening to follow. Was not this a charmed land into which the former hermit of Basset Cottage was straying? Of course, he never dreamed for a moment of marrying this widow; that was out of the question. She was just a little too demonstrative—very clever and amusing for half-an-hour or so, but too gigantic a blessing to be taken through life. It was the mere possibility of marrying her, however, which attracted Mr. Roscorla. He honestly believed, judging by her kindness to him, that, if he seriously tried, he could get her to marry him; in other words, that he might become possessed of 8,000*l.* a year. This money, so to speak, was within his reach; and it was only now that he was beginning to see that money could purchase many pleasures even for the middle-aged. He made a great mistake in imagining, down in Cornwall, that he had lived his life; and that he had but to look forward to mild enjoyments, a peaceful

wandering onwards to the grave, and the continual study of economy in domestic affairs. He was only now beginning to live.

"And when are you coming back?" said the widow to him, one evening, when they were all talking of his leaving England.

"That I don't know," he said.

"Of course," she said, "you don't mean to remain in the West Indies. I suppose lots of people have to go there for some object or other, but they always come back when it is attained."

"They come back to attain some other object here," said Mr. Roscorla.

"Then we'll soon find you that," the General burst in. "No man lives out of England who can help it. Don't you find in this country enough to satisfy you?"

"Indeed I do," Mr. Roscorla said, "especially within the last few days. I have enjoyed myself enormously. I shall always have a friendly recollection of Brighton."

"Are you going down to Cornwall before you leave?" Sir Percy asked.

"No," said he, slowly.

"That isn't quite so cheerful as Brighton, eh?"

"Not quite."

He kept his word. He did not go back to Cornwall before leaving England, nor did he send a single line or message to any one there. It was with something of a proud indifference that he set sail, and also with some notion that he was being amply revenged. For the rest, he hated "scenes;" and he had encountered quite enough of these during his brief visit to Eglosilyan.

## CHAPTER XL.

### AN OLD LADY'S APOLOGY.

WHEN Wenna heard that Mr. Rosecorla had left England without even bidding her good-bye by letter, she accepted the rebuke with submission, and kept her own counsel. She went about her daily duties with an unceasing industry; Mrs. Trelyon was astonished to see how she seemed to find time for everything. The winter was coming on, and the Sewing Club was in full activity; but even apart from the affairs of that enterprise, Wenna Rosewarne seemed to be everywhere throughout the village, to know everything, to be doing everything that prudent help and friendly counsel could do. Mrs. Trelyon grew to love the girl—in her vague, wondering, simple fashion.

So the days, and the weeks, and the months went by; and the course of life ran smoothly and quietly in the remote Cornish village. Apparently there was nothing to indicate the presence of bitter regrets, of crushed

hopes, of patient despair; only Mabyn used to watch her sister at times, and she fancied that Wenna's face was growing thinner.

The Christmas festivities came on, and Mrs. Trelyon was pleased to lend her *protégée* a helping hand in decorating the church. One evening she said—

"My dear Miss Wenna, I am going to ask you an impertinent question. Could your family spare you on Christmas evening? Harry is coming down from London; I am sure he would be so pleased to see you."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Trelyon," Wenna said, with just a little nervousness. "You are very kind, but indeed I must be at home on Christmas evening."

"Perhaps some other evening while he is here you will be able to come up," said Mrs. Trelyon, in her gentle way. "You know you ought to come and see how your pupil is getting on. He writes me such nice letters now; and I fancy he is working very hard at his studies, though he says nothing about it."

"I am very glad to hear that," Wenna said, in a low voice.

Trelyon did come to the Hall for a few days, but he kept away from the village, and was seen by no one of the Rosewarne. But on the Christmas morning, Mabyn Rosewarne, being early about, was told that Mrs. Trelyon's groom wished to see her; and going down, she found the man, with a basket before him.

"Please, miss, Mr. Trelyon's compliments, and would you take the flowers out of the cotton-wool, and give them to Miss Rosewarne?"

"Oh, won't I!" said Mabyn, opening the basket at once, and carefully getting out a bouquet of camellias, snowdrops, and sweet violets. "Just you wait a minute, Jakes, for I've got a Christmas-box for you."

Mabyn went upstairs as rapidly as was consistent with the safety of the flowers, and burst into her sister's room.

"Oh, Wenna, look at this! Do you know who sent them? Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

For a second the girl seemed almost frightened; then her eyes grew troubled and moist, and she turned her head away. Mabyn put them gently down, and left the room without a word.

The Christmas and the new year passed without any message from Mr. Roscorla; and Mabyn, though she rebelled against the bondage in which her sister was placed, was glad that she was not disturbed by angry letters. About the middle of January, however, a brief note arrived from Jamaica.

"I cannot let such a time go by," Mr. Roscorla wrote, "whatever may be our relations, without sending you a friendly word. I do hope the new year will bring you health and happiness, and that we shall in time forget the angry manner in which we parted, and all the circumstances leading to it."

She wrote as brief a note in reply, at the end of which she hoped he would forgive her for any pain he had suffered through her. Mabyn was

rejoiced to find that the correspondence—whether it was or was not meant on his part to be an offer of reconciliation—stopped there.

And again the slow days went by, until the world began to stir with the new spring-time—the saddest time of the year to those who live much in the past. Wenna was out and about a great deal, being continually busy; but she no longer took those long walks by herself in which she used to chat to the butterflies, and the young lambs, and the sea-gulls. The fresh western breezes no longer caused her spirits to flow over in careless gaiety; she saw the new flowers springing out of the earth, but it was of another spring-time she was thinking.

One day, later on in the year, Mrs. Trelyon sent down the wagonette for her, with the request that she would come up to the Hall for a few minutes. Wenna obeyed the summons, imagining that some business connected with the Sewing Club claimed her attention. When she arrived, she found Mrs. Trelyon unable to express the gladness and gratitude that filled her heart; for before her were certain London newspapers, and behold! Harry Trelyon's name was recorded there in certain lists as having scored a sufficient number of marks in the examination to entitle him to a first commission. It was no concern of hers that his name was pretty far down in the list—enough that he had succeeded somehow. And who was the worker of this miracle—who but the shy, sad-eyed girl standing beside her, whose face wore now a happier expression than it had worn for many a day?

"And this is what he says," the proud mother continued, showing Wenna a letter. "It isn't much to boast of, for indeed you'll see by the numbers that it was rather a narrow squeak; anyhow, I pulled through. My old tutor is rather a speculative fellow, and he offered to bet me fifty pounds his coaching would carry me through, which I took; so I shall have to pay him that besides his fees. I must say he has earned both; I don't think a more ignorant person than myself ever went to a man to get crammed. I send you two newspapers; you might drop one at the inn for Miss Rosewarne any time you are passing; or if you could see her and tell her, perhaps that would be better."

Wenna was about as pleased and proud as Mrs. Trelyon was.

"I knew he could do it if he tried," she said, quietly.

"And then," the mother went on to say, "when he has once joined, there will be no money wanting to help him to his promotion; and when he comes back to settle down here, he will have some recognised rank and profession such as a man ought to have. Not that he will remain in the army—for, of course, I should not like to part with him; and he might be sent to Africa, or Canada, or the West Indies. You know," she added, with a smile, "that it is not pleasant to have any one you care for in the West Indies."

When Wenna got home again, she told Mabyn. Strange to say, Mabyn did not clap her hands for joy, as might have been expected.

"Wenna," said she, "what made him go into the army? Was it to

show you that he could pass an examination ? or was it because he means to leave England ? ”

“ I do not know,” said Wenna, looking down. “ I hope he does not mean to leave England.” That was all she said.

Harry Trelyon was, however, about to leave England, though not because he had been gazetted to a colonial regiment. He came down to inform his mother that, on the fifteenth of the month, he would sail for Jamaica ; and then and there, for the first time, he told her the whole story of his love for Wenna Rosewarne, of his determination to free her somehow from the bonds that bound her, and, failing that, of the revenge he meant to take. Mrs. Trelyon was amazed, angry, and beseeching in turns. At one moment she protested that it was madness of her son to think of marrying Wenna Rosewarne ; at another, she would admit all that he said in praise of her, and would only implore him not to leave England ; or again she would hint that she would almost herself go down to Wenna and beg her to marry him if only he gave up this wild intention of his. He had never seen his mother so agitated ; but he reasoned gently with her, and remained firm to his purpose. Was there half as much danger in taking a fortnight's trip in a mail-steamer as in going from Southampton to Malta in a yacht, which he had twice done with her consent ?

“ Why, if I had been ordered to join a regiment in China, you might have some reason to complain,” he said. “ And I shall be as anxious as you, mother, to get back again, for I mean to get up my drill thoroughly as soon as I am attached. I have plenty of work before me.”

“ You're not looking well, Harry,” said the mother.

“ Of course not,” said he, cheerfully. “ You don't catch one of these geese at Strassburg looking specially lively when they tie it by the leg and cram it—and that's what I've been going through of late. But what better cure can there be than a sea-voyage ? ”

And so it came about that, on a pleasant evening in October, Mr. Roscorla received a visit. He saw the young man come riding up the acacia path, and he instantaneously guessed his mission. His own resolve was taken as quickly.

“ Bless my soul, is it you, Trelyon ? ” he cried, with apparent delight. “ You mayn't believe it, but I am really glad to see you. I have been going to write to you for many a day back. I'll send somebody for your horse ; come into the house.”

The young man, having fastened up the bridle, followed his host. There was a calm and business-like rather than a holiday look on his face.

“ And what were you going to write to me about ? ” he asked.

“ Oh, you know,” said Roscorla, good-naturedly. “ You see, a man takes very different views of life when he knocks about a bit. For my part, I am more interested in my business now than in anything else of a

more tender character ; and I may say that I hope to pay you back a part of the money you lent me as soon as our accounts for this year are made up. Well, about that other point—I don't see how I could well return to England, to live permanently there, for a year or two at the soonest ; and—and, in fact—I have often wondered, now, whether it wouldn't be better if I asked Miss Rosewarne to consider herself finally free from that—from that engagement——"

"Yes, I think it would be a great deal better," said Trelyon, coldly. "And perhaps you would kindly put your resolve into writing. I shall take it back to Miss Rosewarne. Will you kindly do so now?"

"Why!" said Roscorla, rather sharply, "you don't take my proposal in a very friendly way. I imagine I am doing you a good turn too. It is not every man would do so in my position ; for, after all, she treated me very badly. However, we needn't go into that. I will write her a letter, if you like—now, indeed, if you like ; and wont you stop a day or two here before going back to Kingston?"

Mr. Trelyon intimated that he would like to have the letter at once, and that he would consider the invitation afterwards. Roscorla, with a good-humoured shrug, sate down and wrote it, and then handed it to Trelyon, open. As he did so, he noticed that the young man was coolly abstracting the cartridge from a small breech-loading pistol he held in his hand. He put the cartridge in his waistcoat-pocket and the pistol in his coat-pocket.

"Did you think we were savages out here, that you came armed?" said Roscorla, rather pale, but smiling.

"I didn't know," said Trelyon.

One morning there was a marriage in Eglosilyan, up there at the small church on the bleak downs, overlooking the wide sea. The spring-time had come round again ; there was a May-like mildness in the air ; the skies overhead were as blue as the great plain of the sea ; and all the beautiful green world was throbbing with the upspringing life of the flowers. It was just like any other wedding, but for one little incident. When the bride came out into the bewildering glare of the sun, she vaguely knew that the path through the churchyard was lined on both sides with children. Now she was rather well known to the children about, and they had come in a great number ; and when she passed down between them, it appeared that the little folks had brought vast heaps of primroses and violets in their aprons and in tiny baskets, and they strewed her path with these flowers of the new Spring. Well, she burst into tears at this ; and, hastily leaving her husband's arm for a moment, she caught up one of the least of the children—a small, golden-haired girl of four—and kissed her. Then she turned to her husband again, and was glad that he led her down to the gate, for her eyes were so blinded with tears that she could not see her way.

Nor did anything very remarkable occur at the wedding-breakfast.



But there was a garrulous old lady there, with bright, pink cheeks and silvery hair; and she did not cease to prattle to the clergyman who had officiated in the church, and who was seated next her.

"Indeed, Mr. Trewhella," she said, confidentially, "I always said this is what would come of it. Never any one of those Trelyons set their heart on a girl but he got her; and what was the use of friends or relatives fighting against it? Nay, I don't think there's any cause of complaint—not I! She's a modest, nice, ladylike girl—she is indeed—although she isn't so handsome as her sister. Dear, dear me, look at that girl now! Won't she be a prize for some man! I declare I haven't seen so handsome a girl for many a day. And as I tell you, Mr. Trewhella, it's no use trying to prevent it; if one of the Trelyons falls in love with a girl, the girl's done for—she may as well give in——"

"If I may say so," observed the old clergyman, with a sly gallantry, "you do not give the gentlemen of your family credit for the most remarkable feature of their marriage connections. They seem to have had always a very good idea of making an excellent choice."

The old lady was vastly pleased.

"Ah, well," she said, with a shrewd smile, "there were two or three who thought George Trelyon—that was this young man's grandfather, you know—lucky enough, if one might judge by the noise they made. Dear, dear, what a to-do there was when we ran away! Why, don't you know, Mr. Trewhella, that I ran away from a ball with him—and drove to Gretna Green with my ball-dress on, as I'm a living woman! Such a ride it was!—why, when we got up to Carlisle——"

But that story has been told before.

THE END.

## The Spanish Comic Novel: "Lazarillo de Tormes."

It is not easy to say precisely how far the theory of evolution can be applied to the growth of literature. The difficulty is that in literature we are compelled to admit the possibility of creation; and the creative force of genius, with its unlimited power of producing new forms, is a disturbing agency which interferes again and again with the attempt to trace the connection between the thought or imagination of one age or country with that of another. In the main, however, it is evident that the growth of literature is governed by a process analogous to that which regulates other growths. One form tends to produce other forms, which, in their turn, throw out fresh variations; and survival, as elsewhere, depends on fitness to survive, those forms which are, upon the whole, best qualified to give pleasure to the mind being those which in the end succeed in the struggle for existence. Almost any well established variety of modern literature will show the working of some such process as this, but it may be seen very distinctly in the modern novel, and especially in a species of novel we are apt to consider an indigenous product of British soil—the novel of real life as distinguished from the novel of romance, the novel that deals with character and manners rather than with incident, and aims at gaining the sympathy rather than exciting the interest of the reader. To many the tastes and habits of the English people will appear a sufficiently satisfactory origin for this species of fiction. Those who look for a more definite parentage will see in Fielding and Smollett the founders of the realistic novel, and others, going a stage farther, will detect in it the unmistakable influence of Le Sage. But Le Sage is hardly the right man to stop short at. He was the most brilliant of manipulators, but he was by no means an originator; nor does he himself care to conceal the fact that he was an adapter, working up materials that he found ready to his hand. The mine from which he drew these materials was no discovery of his. Scarron, Corneille, Molière, Sir Philip Sidney, Beaumont and Fletcher, and many more had, before him, proved the wealth that lay in the Spanish literature of the times of the Philips. But it was Le Sage's merit to have discovered a vein that had been overlooked by all his predecessors, which in his hands yielded a result more lasting than any extracted from the writings of Montemayor, Lope de Vega, Guillen de Castro, or Tirso de Molina. *Gil Blas* is so distinctly a work of genius that there need be no hesitation in speaking of its obligations to other works. We do not think the less of *Hamlet* or of *Othello* because

it is indebted to the History of Saxo Grammaticus, or the novels of Giraldi Cinthio; nor does it imply any depreciation of *Gil Blas* to acknowledge that it owes its existence to that curious group of fictions, commonly known as the picaresque novels of Spain.

The origin of the "gusto picaresco," as the style in question is called by the Spaniards themselves, is not so easily traced. "Picaro" is one of the many words which the Spanish language, in its almost tropical luxuriance of expression, employs to distinguish the various delicate shades and variations of moral obliquity. The common English translation "rogue" is, perhaps, the nearest our less abundant northern idiom can furnish to express the idea, but "picaro" and "rogue" are by no means interchangeable terms. A philological sense will perceive that the notion of "sharpness" predominates, and that, so far, a comparison may be instituted with the American "cute;" but "picaro," whether as adjective or substantive, involves in addition ideas of utter unscrupulousness and absolute freedom from all inconvenient restraints of conscience. Thus, the *picaro* is not necessarily a thief or a cheat or an impostor, as English translators generally make him, but one who has no scruple whatever about lying, cheating, or stealing under the slightest possible pressure of circumstances. The picaresque novels, then, are pictures of life seen through the medium of some such character as this. They are, with hardly an exception, autobiographical in form. The hero, a crafty, shifty vagabond, entirely devoid of either shame or scruple, tells the story of his life, recounting with matter of fact *naïveté* his rogueries, his meanesses, his schemes, his scrapes, the kicks and cuffs which he received—everything, in fact, that self-respect, if he had any, would have prompted him to conceal. It is this air of impudent candour, hovering between simplicity and effrontery, that gives to the picaresque novels a flavour as peculiar as that of Amontillado sherry, and marks them as a distinct variety of fiction. This is their distinguishing characteristic, but they are besides remarkable as pictures of life—low life chiefly, but not exclusively—which, allowing for occasional satirical handling and a certain infusion of caricature, are evidently true pictures. Indeed, it is obvious from the very nature of the tales themselves that they must have been lifelike representations, for their *raison d'être* lay in the recognition of their truth, and we know, as a matter of fact, that the great popularity they enjoyed in their own day was mainly owing to the fidelity with which they sketched certain familiar phrases of life. They are, in fact, in the history of literature, very much what the paintings of Teniers and Ostade are in the history of Art.

But the question arises, how did Spain come to possess a literature of this kind, and how does it happen that Spain is the only country which has produced a distinct school of rogue romance? Ticknor (and there can be no higher authority on any subject connected with the literature or life of Spain) finds an explanation in the demoralising effects of the long struggle with the Moors, followed almost immediately by the wars of

Charles V., for the support of which Spain was treated as a recruiting-ground as well as a treasury. Military service was put above all other occupations; consequently productive industry of every kind was held in contempt, and when peace came it let loose upon the country a swarm of idlers who, even if they did not despise labour, had been totally unfitted for it by a campaigning life. Among these there were two classes who figure prominently in the picaresque romances; the poor, proud hidalgos, who could find no employment that was not derogatory to their hidalguia, and whose shifts and straits and pretensions were the unfailing theme of the Spanish humorists; and the lower and more unamiable type, the crafty, unprincipled scamps who trusted to their knavery and cunning for a livelihood. The period during which these tales appeared certainly suits this view. It was precisely that period, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, during which Spain, from her highest point of glory and power, fell to the level at which she has remained to this day; a fall too deep and too rapid to have taken place without great social disorganisation. But whether it is to be attributed to the habits and ideas engendered by protracted warfare or to some more remote cause, there can be no doubt that the trait which all these tales illustrate—the hatred of work in every form—had, as a common trait, a very real existence. Every traveller, from Navagiero to Madame d'Aulnoy, noticed it; but there is no need to refer to foreigners, for the testimony of Spaniards themselves is clear enough on the point. The laws passed about the time we speak of for the protection of native idleness read almost like satires on protection, or specimens of the legislation of a comic Utopia. All the exports were raw materials, all the imports manufactured goods. Spain produced the fine wool, but the cloth came from England. The silk that went out raw from Murcia came back woven from Italy. The constant cry was that the Spaniard was being ousted by foreigners from trades he had no idea of embarking in, and manufactures he never tried to put a hand to. "They have," says one, "completely excluded the Spaniards from the pursuits of industry, since their productions are more suited to the tastes of purchasers, or are cheaper than those of the native workmen. We cannot dress without them, for we have neither linen nor cloth; we cannot write without them, for we have no paper but what they furnish us with. They gain twenty-five millions yearly." This was Professor Moncada, the same who addressed a tract to Philip III., proposing a short way with the gipsies, "one which Nature herself indicates in the curious political system of the bees, in whose well-governed republic they kill the drones in April, when the working season begins." And there were other causes tending to swell the *picaro* class which Ticknor ignores. For those who will not dig and to beg are not ashamed there is no country like Spain. The climate in most parts is just the one for a tramping life, and political economy is nowhere rigorous; food is cheap and society charitable. "Giving alms never lightens the purse" ("el dar limosna nunca mengua la bolsa"), says the popular proverb,

and the people have always acted up to it. But three hundred years ago it must have been a Paradise for vagabonds. The Church was wealthy, and by precept and example favoured the non-working members of the community. Flourishing monasteries—the only things that flourished—overspread the land, and we may well suppose the monks were not without a fellow-feeling for vagrant lay brethren who so faithfully observed the principle to toil not, neither to spin. Indeed, it is expressly stated that monastic charity was a great comfort to the *picaro*; it relieved his one anxiety, the one care that clouded his otherwise sunny existence. "If all fails," says a master of the craft, instructing a neophyte in the art of dining, "if all fails, there is always soup for us at some convent."

There were, of course, minor causes of vagabondage, but among them was one which ought not to be passed over here, as it is especially germane to the matter. There can be no doubt that scandalous neglect of children was one of the great social evils of the period. It was not merely that new-born infants were deserted, or, to use the expressive Spanish phrase, left "*hijos de la piedra*;" but children were turned adrift by their parents with the utmost coolness if it became at all burdensome to support them, and to such a pitch had the mischief reached in 1552 that the Cortes made it the subject of a petition to the Government, suggesting the appointment of an officer in every town to collect these little outcasts, "running wild because there was no one to take care of them," and set them to work. Just such a little vagabond as we get a glimpse of here, "*andando perdido mal vestido y mal tratado*," was the hero of the first of the picaresque tales, the founder of a long and distinguished family of fictions. This was the little novel of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, published the year after this petition was presented, but written at least twenty years earlier. A more unpretending book never was printed, and very few that have had such a marked effect on literature. Nothing could possibly be simpler in construction; there is absolutely no plot, and no story except that of a youth who begins life at the lowest imaginable round of the social ladder and gets very little higher. In most countries the table of dignities ends with the beggar. He is, as Lamb says, "the just antipode to your king;" there can be nobody below him. But there are few general rules to which Spain will not furnish an exception, and in Spain there is yet a lower grade, the beggar's fag, in which capacity Lazarillo serves his apprenticeship to life, subsequently enlarging his experiences under a variety of masters whom he describes *seriatim*. By means of this simple machinery the author contrives to make a selection of typical characters from Spanish society pass before the eye of his reader like figures in a magic lantern; while "*Little Lazarus*" stands by as showman and points out the humours of the procession. The whole thing is so natural, so artless, and so easy, that at first one scarcely perceives the genius that inspires the conception and execution; for a work of genius it is, and of no mean order, this little novel of *Lazarillo de Tormes*.

It is a pity that there should be any uncertainty about the author-

ship of such a book, but all that can be said on this point is that for nearly three centuries Spaniards, who have the best right to give an opinion, have been almost unanimous in attributing it to the poet and statesman Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. Only one counter claim has ever been set up, that made by Siguenza, in his *History of the Order of St. Jerome*, on behalf of the prior Juan de Ortega. This is not supported by any satisfactory evidence, but it must be owned that Ticknor's argument against it, that the book could not have been written by a Churchman, falls to the ground, for Ortega is expressly stated to have been a youth (*mancebo*) and a student at Salamanca when he wrote it.\* On the other hand, it is no argument against Mendoza's authorship that it was never acknowledged by him or by anyone connected with him. A man in Mendoza's position could not possibly have acknowledged such a book at such a time. The Mendozas were in the very front rank of the Spanish nobility. There were few—Lope de Vega says none—of the historical houses of Spain that could even compare pedigrees with them, and certainly none that could show so long a list of men who had won distinction in so many different fields. To anyone curious in investigating the phenomena of hereditary ability the annals of the Mendoza family will furnish an interesting study, for wherever ability could raise a man above his fellows, in war, statesmanship, diplomacy, the Church, or letters, a Mendoza will almost always be found among the foremost. Diego Hurtado, if not the most able, was the most brilliant of the name, except perhaps his great-grandfather, the Marquis of Santillana, the poet of the reign of John II. He was the fifth son of the Marquis of Mondejar, the governor of Granada, where he was born about 1503, and passed his early youth. The Church was the profession chosen for him, and to prepare for it he was sent as a student to Salamanca; but his instincts proved too strong for the family choice, and, like his kinsman Garcilasso de la Vega, and perhaps with him, he took service in the army of the Emperor in Italy. Much of what was called "the star of Austria," the marvellous success which attended the enterprises and schemes of Charles V. before he became a hypochondriac, lay in his gift of judging men and selecting the fittest for the work he had in hand, a gift in which, more than any other perhaps, he differed from his successors. A man chosen and trusted by Charles is not necessarily stamped as an exceptionally virtuous or moral character, but for his exceptional ability there is the same sort of guarantee as that which attaches to a picture from the gallery of a well-known connoisseur, or a volume from the library of an eminent bibliophile. Mendoza is one of the men vouched for in this way. All through the tortuous course of the Emperor's Italian policy he was employed wherever a strong head and a firm hand were wanted. In 1538 he was sent as ambassador to Venice,

\* But Ticknor's argument stands against the absurd story told by Dean Lockier in *Spencer's Anecdotes*, that "it was written by some Spanish bishops on their journey to the Council of Trent."



the *angulus ille* which disturbed the uniformity of Charles's influence in Italy. He was afterwards his representative at the Council of Trent, governor of Siena, and ambassador at the Papal Court; and, finally, in 1553, he was despatched on a confidential mission into the Palatinate, with instructions to intercept Cardinal Pole, then on his way to England as legate, and detain him until the match between Philip and Mary was arranged. This was Mendoza's last service. He seems to have been treated with coldness by Philip II., and at last, in consequence of a quarrel at Court, was forced to retire to Granada, where, besides some of the poetry which has placed him by the side of Garcilasso and Boscan, he wrote that masterpiece of Castilian, his history of the war with the insurgent Moriscoes of Granada. The *Lazarillo* is said to have been written while he was a student at Salamanca, but this can hardly have been the case, for the tale concludes with mentioning "the year when our victorious Emperor entered Toledo with great rejoicings, and held Cortes there." This can only refer to the Cortes at Toledo in the autumn of 1525, after the battle of Pavia, when Francis I. was a prisoner at Madrid. The *Lazarillo*, therefore, could not have been written earlier than 1526, in which year Mendoza was probably a soldier at Milan, but, at any rate, not a student at Salamanca. A student, indeed, in one sense of the word, he never ceased to be. In Italy, when the army went into winter quarters, it was his custom to betake himself to one of the universities, Bologna, Padua, or Rome, and, like so many of his nation, Garcilasso, Ercilla, Cervantes, he lived a divided life, "tomando ora la espada, ora la pluma" ("now with the sword in hand, now with the pen"). The book, however, did not appear till 1553, in which year it was published at Antwerp by Martin Nucio, at that time the chief printer of Spanish books in the Netherlands. This long interval of perhaps a quarter of a century between the composition and the publication, which would be otherwise unaccountable, is easily explained on the hypothesis of Mendoza's authorship. Although one of the lightest pieces of light literature, the *Lazarillo* has its intimate relations with the great events of a great time. As may be seen, it was written just about the time when the struggle of the Reformation had become a fight *à outrance*, and it was printed the year after the Treaty of Passau, when the struggle was virtually at an end. Now *Lazarillo de Tormes* is essentially a Protestant book. It is evident the author had no intention of aiding the movement by a polemical tract in the disguise of a novel; but it is equally evident that he had a sympathy with it, and saw and felt the very abuses and scandals that had stirred up Luther. One can hardly read the book now without a regret that it should have lain unprinted till after the death of the champion of Protestantism, for its treatment of the sale of indulgences would have thoroughly harmonised with his sentiments as well as with his sense of humour, and he would have been cheered by this one small gleam of sunshine breaking through the clouds in the south. A book of this sort could not have been published at the time either in Italy or in Spain

without great difficulty and even risk. Charles and the Pope, however much they differed on other points, were of one mind as to the line to be taken with the *fons et origo malorum*, the press. Macaulay gives an example of the vigilance of the spiritual police in Italy against literature tainted with Lutheranism; and in the Inquisition, as improved and extended by Ximenez, there existed in Spain a machinery for which no work of repression was too great or too small; it was equally available for burning a pamphlet or a prince, and since 1521 its powers had been specially directed to the suppression of printed heresy. A private person would not have found it an easy matter at that time to pass a book like the *Lazarillo* through the press in Italy or Spain, but in Mendoza's case there was the additional difficulty that he was the minister and representative of the great enemy of the Reformation. At Venice, where the press retained some remains of freedom, and Protestant books were occasionally printed, it would perhaps have been possible to print it; but for the Emperor's ambassador, surrounded as he was by enemies and spies, the attempt would have been temerity in the highest degree. Mendoza, in short, had he been ever so anxious to publish the *Lazarillo*, had no opportunity of doing so until he was sent into Germany in 1553. That he went to Antwerp we have no proof, but it is scarcely likely that he would have returned to Spain, which it appears he did not do till 1554, without visiting a country so closely connected with his own as the Netherlands. At any rate he was within easy reach of Antwerp, and the publication of the *Lazarillo* there in the same year is a strong piece of circumstantial evidence in favour of his authorship. It took almost at once. The next year a new edition was printed at Antwerp and another at Burgos, which would imply that the censor of the Holy Office in Spain nodded at times like other mortals. The imprint of "Burgos," however, may be a falsification, for many Spanish books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that for trade reasons pretended to have been printed in Spain, were in reality printed abroad.

The Inquisition, however, was not long in awakening to the character of the book, and it was promptly prohibited in Spain. But it had already hit the fancy of the people—as early as 1559 *Lazarillo de Tormes* is alluded to in a comedy of Timoneda's as a character that everyone must know, a sort of Spanish *Pickwick* or *Sam Weller*—foreign editions were smuggled into the country, and in 1573 it had to be formally licensed. Thus one of the very few victories that have ever been scored against the Spanish Inquisition was won by the venerable ancestor of our modern novels of real life, and by the same qualities with which they win the favour of their readers. "Although," says the license, "this little treatise (*este tratadillo*) is not of the same consideration as the works of Castillejo or Naharro, it is so lively and true a representation of what it describes with such wit and grace that, in its way (*en su tanto*), it is estimable; it has been, therefore, always much relished by everybody, and, though prohibited in these realms, was still read, and printed freely

abroad." Of course, notwithstanding this admission, the "Consejo" of the Holy Office had no idea of letting the book loose on Spanish society without, as far as possible, pruning it of its heresy, or, to use its own phrase, "emending some matters on account of which it had been prohibited." In the emended edition the whole chapter containing the adventures of a hawker of indulgences is cut out, as well as another giving a sketch of a mendicant friar, and sundry passages which show a decided disrespect for the Church and the Cloth are scored out; but the *Lazarillo* so bristles with disrespect that a thorough purification would have defeated its own object, so the worthy censor of the Holy Office had to draw the line somewhere, and his distinctions are not uninteresting. There are some things left in which to the untutored mind have a slight flavour of irreverence, and it would appear that an imputation of personal immorality against a dignitary of the Church did not constitute a case for interference with freedom of language—possibly because that was such an old joke. Like "old Grouse in the gun-room," it had been making people laugh for many a year, and it might be considered toothless and harmless by this time. But these newfangled gibes against matters of doctrine and authority were quite another affair. In this form, and, in consequence of its diminutive proportions, often bound up with other books, such as Torres Naharro's *Propaladia*, or Gracian Dantisco's *Galateo*, the *Lazarillo* was given to the Spanish public from 1573 till comparatively modern times. But even these expurgated editions are nearly as scarce as the original ones. Spain, never at any time a land of libraries, has had more than its own share of those accidents by which books are destroyed; but over and above the ordinary chances of sack and pillage, the class of book to which *Lazarillo* belongs had to encounter another kind of risk. Any one who has ever indulged the forlorn hope of book-hunting in Spain knows what an intolerable deal of theological dry bread there is to the halfpennyworth of sack on the shelves of an ordinary Spanish *librero*. Those long rows of tomes in the shops of the Calle Jacometrezo, or the stalls of the Calle de Atocha, are all deceptive. They may look fruitful, but their fruits are the dustiest of Dead Sea apples. The promising little volume you take down, thinking it looks like *Salas Barbadillo*, hoping, perhaps, it may turn out to be *Timoneda*, is, you find, the *Vida y Milagros de San Fulano*, set down for the edification of the faithful by Jose Ventoso, Canonigo of Santa Maria de las Nieblas. Cervantes has, doubtless, only given us an "owre true tale" in that sixth chapter of *Don Quixote*. Many a corral in Spain has witnessed such an *auto de fé* as that which purged the Don's library: or even a more complete one, for it was not every *cura* who would have preserved *Ercilla* or resisted the entreaties of the women to burn *Montemayor*. The priests were jealous of fiction and fancy when employed on any other service than that of the Church, in the history of its saints and the embellishment of its miracles; and it was an easy matter to persuade "the devout and honourable women," who, Cervantes says, "liked burning books better than weaving linen," that

there was peril to the soul in the inventions of the romancer. To this cause, no doubt, must be attributed, in a great degree, the curious disproportion between the devotional and the entertaining among the books surviving from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. No book was more likely to be a sufferer in this way than the *Lazarillo*, and besides the editions cited in Brunet and Salvá we may be sure that there were others of which not even a single copy now remains to give them a place in bibliography.\*

If the *Lazarillo* was not written with any polemical intention, still less was it written, like *Don Quixote*, with a view to a reform in fiction. But it is difficult to resist the conviction that, like *Don Quixote*, it must have grown out of the peculiarities of the fiction in vogue when it was produced. The romances of chivalry were then rapidly gaining the popularity and influence they maintained until Cervantes rose to sweep them away. The *Amadis* had been printed several times, and, to judge by the references to it, seems to have been in almost everybody's hands; and *Esplandians*, *Florisandos*, and *Palmerins* were appearing in quick succession to compete with it. At the same time a new form of fiction had sprung up, which a few years later developed into a potent rival of the romances of chivalry. This was the pastoral romance, the first example of which, Sannazaro's *Arcadia*, was imported into Spain early in the century, and soon established a strong hold upon the popular taste. Widely as these two differ, they are alike in one respect, that they are, each in its own way, pictures of a life as unlike real life as can well be imagined. It would be difficult to say which are more perfectly unreal, the knights and ladies, or the shepherds and shepherdesses, though, perhaps, of the two the personages of the pastoral present the bolder violation of fact. Berganza, in Cervantes' *Colloquy of the Dogs*, points out that the shepherd of real life, so far from passing his day on a tree, piping complaints of his love's cruelty, employs his leisure practically "in ridding himself of his fleas (*espulgandose*) and mending his brogues." Nothing could be more likely than that an incongruity of this kind should have taken the fancy of any reader of romances who happened to have a strong sense of humour; and Mendoza, it must be admitted, complies with both of these conditions. Of his humour there is abundant proof in some of the trifles he threw off from time to time, especially in his letter to Pedro de Salazar, and of his lighter reading we are told that the two books which were his constant travelling companions in Italy were the *Amadis* and the *Celestina*. *Lazarillo de Tormes* is just what might be expected to come of such a combination. It is just such a reminiscence of the Plaza at Salamanca, or of the motley throng passing before the eyes of a loungee on the old Roman bridge over the

\* A kindred work, *Guzman de Alfarache*, furnishes a case in point. Twenty-six editions of the first part were printed in five years, but all the libraries in the world probably could not now produce evidence of a third of them.

Tormes, as might be provoked by comparing the world of the romancers with the world of inflexible fact, where, instead of Amadis, Galaors, and Selvaggios, magicians, giants, and gentle shepherds, the *dramatis personæ* were prosaic figures, burly friars, shabby hidalgos, sanctimonious priests, rogues, beggars, and impostors, and the like. Lazarillo himself is one of those little brown, ragged urchins who look at us with their roguish squirrel's eyes out of the canvas of Murillo, and all his surroundings are of the same unromantic type. His father is a miller on the Tormes, near Salamanca, who is transported for "bleeding" the sacks of his customers; and his mother is a loose woman with so little natural affection for her offspring that she disposes of Lazarillo by handing him over to an old blind beggar-man who wants a boy to lead him about. It is significant of the influence exercised by the little tale that the name of its hero should have been incorporated into the language. It is used generically by several of the seventeenth century writers, and even the Dictionary of the Academy admits "Lazarillo" as the recognised word for the boy who leads a blind man—a familiar figure in a Spanish crowd, as most travellers will remember. The adventures of Lazarillo in this capacity are rather farcical in themselves, but are told with genuine drollery and fun. It was a case of diamond cut diamond between him and his master, each striving to outwit the other in getting more than his share of the victuals they picked up; nor were they ill-matched, for, if the boy had eyesight, the old man had vast experience in knavery. His sagacity was remarkable. A vine-dresser gives them a bunch of grapes one day, and they sit down on the road-side to enjoy it. To share it equally the old man proposes they shall each take but one grape at a time, but Lazarillo soon detects him taking two, whereupon he, of course, helps himself to three at a time. When the bunch is finished the old man charges him with cheating. "I can swear," he says, "you've been eating those grapes by threes, because you saw me taking two and you never said a word." Another time, as Lazarillo was toasting a black pudding for his master's supper, the old man gave him a *maravedi* and bade him go fetch some wine. "The Devil," he says, "put the opportunity before me, and that is what makes the thief." Lazarillo is sententious like all Spaniards of the lower class, primed with proverbs, and apt in applying them, especially in explanation of moral phenomena. Seeing a rotten turnip among some rubbish hard by, he fixed it on the spit in the place of the pudding, and went on his errand munching the stolen morsel, leaving the blind man serenely toasting the turnip. When the explosion which followed the first bite took place, Lazarillo propounded the theory that some joker must have taken advantage of his absence to play this cruel trick. But the old man was an experimental philosopher, not a theorist, and taking him by the throat ascertained by his breath where the pudding had gone to, and thrashed him accordingly. In fact, he led a life of kicks, cuffs, and short commons; but he took a revenge thoroughly in accordance with boy-nature. Return-



ing from begging one wet night, they had to cross a street where a stream ran : no uncommon thing in a Spanish town. Lazarillo led the old man to a spot opposite a stone pillar, telling him the stream was narrow there, and a good jump would bring him over dryshod. "The poor blind man," he says, feelingly, "taking a step back and butting with all his might, like an old goat, came with his head against the pillar, making a bang as if he had thrown a big pumpkin at it. 'Ha!' said I, 'you could smell the pudding; why couldn't you smell the post?' He fell senseless," he adds, philosophically, "and I don't know what became of him, and I don't care to know." The editor of the excellent edition of the *Lazarillo* in the Biblioteca de Autores Españoles thinks there is an allusion to this in *Much Ado about Nothing*, where Benedick says, "You strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post;" but Benedick's remark apparently refers to some other story.

Lazarillo's next master was a priest who wanted a boy to serve at mass; "which," the hero says, "I could do; for though the old sinner of a blind man ill-treated me, he taught me some good things, and this was one of them." But the priest was even a greater skinflint than the beggar. "I don't know," says Lazarillo, in a passage, by the way, expunged by the Inquisition, "whether he had it by nature or got it with his priest's gown, but all the miserliness of the world was in him." The picture of the priest's *ménage* is full of graphic humour. The house was a veritable starvation castle; from top to bottom there was not an eatable article to be seen in it but a rope of onions. On feast days they used to have a sheep's head, off which the priest picked all the meat, leaving the bone to Lazarillo. Persons in the service of the Church, he said, were bound to be very temperate in their eating and drinking, and for his own part he never exceeded. "But he lied, the miserly rascal!" says Lazarillo; "for at any gatherings, funerals, or the like, where we prayed at the expense of others, he ate like a wolf and drank like a fish. God forgive me," he continues, "I never was an enemy of the human race until then, but at a funeral they always gave me my fill, and so I used to pray that each day might be the death of some one." But funerals did not come every day and hunger did, and he was driven to his wits to meet it. His master had a chest in which he used to lock up the offertory bread from the church, and Lazarillo managed to get a key for it from a wandering tinker, and for a while he contrived to stave off starvation by nibbling pieces of the loaves as if mice had been at them. The priest was always mending the chest, for as fast as he patched one hole Lazarillo, to keep up the delusion, made another. He then got a mouse-trap, which was a great comfort to Lazarillo, for it gave him cheese to his bread. The priest was sorely puzzled; mice of this sort were something beyond his experience; but one of his neighbours suggested that perhaps it was not the work of mice, but of a snake which had been formerly observed in the house. This idea greatly disquieted the priest, who thenceforth always took a stick to bed with him, and was ever on the

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watch for the reptile. But Lazarillo, fearing that his precious key might be found in one of his master's snake hunts, used to put it in his mouth when he was going to sleep, and thus it happened that one night, as he breathed heavily in his sleep, there came a whistling sound out of its pipe. The priest, making sure that the snake was about, stole cautiously to the corner whence the noise came, and, when he had made out the exact spot, delivered a swashing blow, the result of which was that Lazarillo's head was grievously broken, the secret of the key discovered, and the mystery of the mice and snake cleared up. This, of course, ended his service with the priest. By the help of charitable people he got to Toledo, where, after a little, he found a new master. He is described in the book as an "escudero," which we must perforce translate "squire," but it means, as the Dictionary of the Academy says, the same as "hidalgo—generousus," one of gentle though not noble blood. In him we have another typical character from Spanish society in the sixteenth century, but the treatment is very different from that of the preceding subjects. The Clerigo and the Ciego are mere sketches, and the incidents and descriptions are inspired by a spirit of something like farce. But all that relates to the Escudero is pure comedy, and full of humour of the highest sort. He is the prototype of the starving cavalier of Spanish fiction, that queer combination of punctiliousness and penury that has come to be regarded as one of the characteristic products of the Iberian soil. At first Lazarillo was enchanted at the idea of serving such a master, who with his "decorous and well-brushed garments, and orderly gait and demeanour," was a strong contrast to the beggar and the priest; but before the first day was over he found he had not materially bettered himself. The squire asked if he had dined. Lazarillo said "No." "Ah, well," said the squire, "I have; so you must do the best you can until supper-time." Lazarillo had acquired a kind of rough and ready philosophy that served him on such occasions; eating, he said, was a thing that, thank God, never troubled him much. "A true virtue that," said the squire, "and I like you all the better for it; pigs stuff themselves, but gentlemen should eat sparingly." In obedience to the squire's bidding to do the best he could, Lazarillo brought out some crusts which had been given him in charity. "What have you got there?" said the squire, taking up one of the pieces. "My life! what good bread this seems; where did you get it? was it kneaded by clean hands?" Lazarillo could only tell him there was nothing in its flavour that went against *his* stomach. "By the Lord, most savoury bread it is," said the squire, taking a fierce mouthful (*fiero bocado*); and between them they soon made an end of the crusts. When supper-time came the squire explained that it was a long way to the Plaza and there were robbers about, and they must do the best they could till morning. Morning came, he rose, brushed his cloak and doublet scrupulously, put them on carefully, adjusted his sword accurately, and bidding Lazarillo fill the pitcher and mind the house, "he walked away up the street with such a genteel air and gait that

anyone who did not know him would have taken him for a near relation of the Count of Arcos, or at least his chamberlain; at any rate no one would have suspected he had not supped well over-night, slept on a good bed, nor eaten a hearty breakfast." Lazarillo perceived that, although he was servant to a gentleman of quality, he must ply his old trade; so he went out a-begging, and came back with some scraps of bread and a piece of cowheel. His master was before him, and commended his prudence. "I waited for you," said he, "but as you did not come I dined alone. You have done well, however; only don't let them know you are living with me, for that touches my honour." Lazarillo sat down to his dinner, but he noticed that the poor squire could not keep his eyes off the bread and cowheel. "May God have as much pity for me," he says, "as I had for him at that moment; well did I know what ailed him, for I had felt it myself many a time." He wished to invite his master to share with him, but how could he ask a man who said he had just dined? The squire himself, however, settled the matter. "Lazaro," said he, "do you know I never saw anyone eat with such a good grace as you do? To look at you is enough to make a man hungry, even though he has no appetite." "Good tackle, sir, makes a good workman," said Lazarillo; "this bread is very toothsome, and this cowheel is well boiled and seasoned." "What?" said the squire, "cowheel! why that's the very best morsel in the world! To my taste it's better than pheasant." "Then try a bit, sir," said Lazarillo, putting a piece into his hands. "Ah!" said the squire, gnawing at it, Lazarillo says, like a hungry hound; "now with a little garlic sauce this would be rare eating." In fine, the dinner was such a success that it became a precedent, and every morning the squire went forth "with his measured step and correct carriage to take the air in the streets," while Lazarillo played the part of jackal.

It is impossible to give here more than an outline, and an outline can only suggest, not convey, the humour of this inimitable scene. Even a full translation, however skilfully done, would probably fail; for humour of this sort is an evanescent quality which almost always escapes in the attempt to transfer it from one idiom into another, and Spanish humour is particularly liable to a loss of flavour in the process of decanting. The language is so rich that there are many words which have no equivalent, and which therefore cannot be translated at all in situations where terseness is absolutely necessary; and then much of the humour at times, especially in *Don Quixote* and the *Lazarillo*, depends on the incongruity between the subject and the grave stately sonorous Castilian in which it is discussed. But as it stands in the original, the entire scene constitutes a piece of humorous conception which is not surpassed in the whole range of Spanish literature, except in the pages of *Don Quixote*, and rarely there. As we read, the figures come before us with all the local colour of tawny, hungry Spain, *dura tellus Iberia*; the poor, starving hidalgo, in all the bravery of capa, sayo, and sword, solemnly pacing up and down

the patio, hunger and dignity striving for the mastery as he wistfully eyes the scraps in the lap of his ragged little henchman; and the keen-faced urchin in the corner, whose sharp sight has already penetrated the harmless hypocrisy of his poor master, watching him with a curiosity in which, somewhat to his own surprise, he finds mingling the strange feeling of compassion. Of the many touches in the picture which show the hand of genius none, perhaps, is finer than this. The little rascal hates the beggar-man, he detests and despises the priest; they bring out all the instincts of his boy-nature; he delights in seeing them suffer, he revels in tricking them; stealing from them makes the stolen morsel doubly sweet. But there is a something about the poor gentleman that softens him. "Here I was," he says, "trying to better myself with a master who not only couldn't keep me, but whom I had to keep. For all that, though, I loved him well; I saw he could not help it, and, so far from hating him, I pitied him, and many a time I fared poorly myself that I might bring him home something to carry on with. God knows to this day, when I come across one of his cloth with that same pompous gait, I pity him, thinking to myself he may be suffering what I used to see this one suffer; still, with all his poverty, I would rather have served him than others." This is thoroughly in the vein of Cervantes, with the same gentle sub-current of pathos that may be detected under his finest humour.

Another passage, equally Cervantesque, is where the squire one day, as Lazarillo explains, "when we had fared pretty well, and he was in rather good spirits," tells his story, and how he came to Toledo. He was owner, it appeared, of an estate near Valladolid, part of it house property (*un solar de casas*), which would be worth two hundred thousand maravedis if the houses were only built; to say nothing of a dovecot, which, if it was not in ruins, would yield two hundred pigeons yearly. All this he had quitted because of a difficulty about taking off his hat to a neighbouring squire. He did not object to the salute; what he objected to was that the other did not sometimes salute him first. Lazarillo suggested that this was scarcely a good reason for expatriating oneself. "You are a boy," said the squire, "and don't understand matters of honour, which nowadays is about all that is left to a gentleman. I'm only a squire; but if I met the Count in the street, and he did not take his hat off—and right off—the next time I'd take care to turn into some house or up some street rather than cap to him. A gentleman owes homage to God, and no one else, not even to the King, and must not bate a point in maintaining his dignity. I was near laying hands on a workman in my own country because he used to say 'God keep your worship.' 'You scurvy rascal!' I said to him, 'have you no better manners than to say 'God keep you,' as if I were some common fellow?'" "And isn't it good manners to say 'God keep you?'" said Lazarillo. "Not to those of my sort," said the squire. "You should say, 'I kiss your worship's hands;' or at least, 'I kiss your hands, señor,' if the speaker be a caballero. I have never allowed, and never will allow, anyone, from the

King down, to say 'God keep you' to me." "That's why He takes so little care to keep you," said Lazarillo; "you won't allow anyone to pray for it." There is something marvellously real in all this. It is impossible to read it without feeling that we have here, in this picture of pride, punctilio, and poverty, a bit of Castilian life and character rendered as faithfully to nature as anything in the painting of Hogarth or the pages of Fielding. It is worth noticing, too, that the situation is in a measure an anticipation of that on which the humour in *Don Quixote* mainly turns. Lazarillo and the squire are at cross purposes, precisely after the fashion of Sancho and the Don. It is the same antagonism of sentiment between the two great divisions of society, between the high-flown notions of the cavalier and the shrewd, prosaic common sense of the clown. It is not likely that Cervantes was indebted to the *Lazarillo* for the idea: he was not the man to be beholden to the invention of anyone; nor, if he did borrow in this instance, does it follow that the *Lazarillo* was the source, for the "simples" and "graciosos" of the Spanish drama play very much the same part as Lazarillo and Sancho. But the fact remains that what may be almost regarded as the leading idea of *Don Quixote* figures also in the earliest work of the school to which it belongs.

Lazarillo's service with the squire ended naturally. The landlord of the house called one day for his rent, and the squire gave him "a very fair answer; he would just step out to the Plaza to change a doubloon." The squire having taken this step, Lazarillo had to look for a new master, and engaged himself for a while with a mendicant friar of the Order of Mercy, of whom, in a few words, he manages to give a vigorous sketch, describing him as a popular man among the women, an arrant gadabout, with a strong objection to convent discipline and fare and a keen relish for secular life. "But I could not keep up with his trot," he says; "and for this, and for certain other little matters (*otras cosillas*) which I don't mention, I left him." There is something here very suggestive of what would be called in geological language "a fault" in the narrative. A character sketched out in this way, and so tempting to a humorist of the author's stamp, would scarcely have been abandoned so abruptly; and it seems by no means unlikely that the break is the handiwork of Martin Nucio's judicious reader, who thought the *cosillas* rather too disrespectful to the Church to be printed even by the liberal press of Antwerp. His moderation, however, did not save the fragment from the Inquisition censors, who excised entirely both this and the next chapter, describing a seller of indulgences, "the most impudent and shameless," says Lazarillo, "and the best hand at palming them off I ever saw." This, from the historical, if not from the literary, point of view, is the most interesting part of the book. In the first place, satire or criticism aimed at abuses of the Church is of the greatest rarity in Spanish literature. Indeed, with the exception of a few lines in the poems of the arch-priest of Hita, the *Lazarillo* is the only example until we come to

comparatively modern times. In this respect Spain presents a strong contrast to Italy, where the leaders of thought, from the great triumvirate Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, downwards, were nearly always outspoken to the Church. In Spain, on the contrary, so far from opposing, they went out of their way to support Church tyranny. Cervantes applauds the bigotry that expelled the Moriscos. Lope was not only a eulogist of the Inquisition, but one of its officers, and assisted in person at the burning of at least one heretic. Gongora has a sonnet on an *auto de fé*, in which he laments that only one victim was burned alive. Quevedo, who scoffed at everything else, is throughout a staunch supporter of sacerdotalism. But what lends a deeper interest to this sketch is that it furnishes contemporary evidence of the spirit of Protestantism which at the time it was written was beginning to stir many of the more active minds of Spain. It may be, indeed, too much, as Sir W. Stirling Maxwell in his *Cloister Life* suggests, to call it "Protestantism," for in Spain it scarcely advanced beyond the preliminary stage of inquiry and criticism; but to that extent, at least, it was abroad several years before the *Lazarillo* was written, for in 1521 a warning came from Rome that Lutheran books were being imported into Spain, and the Inquisition was immediately set to work to check the mischief. The movement was especially perceptible among the clergy; and it is curious that while Charles V. was combating Lutheranism abroad he was indirectly helping to spread it in Spain, for foremost among the propagators were the ecclesiastics of his own retinue—men like Cazalla and Ponce de la Fuente, who had imbibed the new ideas while following in his train in Germany. Llorente, Adolfo de Castro, and McCrie have told the story of the struggle, if struggle it can be called. The machinery of the Inquisition was perfect; and the fanaticism of the people, which had grown with the growth of the nation during its contest with the Moors, was easily directed to a new object. The nascent heresy could not withstand such a combination, and it was speedily stamped out. The sale of indulgences—the first article in the indictment against the Church of Rome—was attended with exactly the same sort of scandals in Spain as were denounced from the pulpits of Germany; and these form the subject of the sketch in the *Lazarillo*, which might well have been written by Erasmus, and assuredly would have been chuckled over by Luther. As we have the authority of the censor of the Inquisition for believing the other parts of the book true to life, we may fairly accept the description as a tolerably faithful picture of one of the *bulderos*, or indulgence-hawkers, who infested Spain in the sixteenth century, and of the tricks by which they used to force their wares upon the people. His first step on coming to a village was always to bribe the *cura*, or priest, by some trifling present—a couple of peaches or oranges, or a Murcian lettuce. If he found the *cura* a man of education, he took care to address him "in very neat and trim vernacular (*bien cortado romance*); but if he was one of the ordinary "reverends," he would talk to him in Latin for two



hours on a stretch—"at least what seemed to be Latin, but it was nothing of the sort." He had endless devices for stimulating the sale of his indulgences when it grew slack. For example, in one village, where after three days' preaching he had done no business, he hit upon the following plan. He and the alguacil of the village—the constable, as we should say—managed to fall out one night over a game of cards, and in the course of the quarrel the alguacil charged him with selling forged indulgences, and next morning repeated the charge publicly in church, where the buldero was preaching his usual sermon. As soon as he was silent, the latter dropped on his knees in the pulpit and delivered a long and unctuous prayer that truth might be supported and falsehood put to confusion, and that, if he were guilty of what had been laid to his charge, the pulpit might sink with him into the earth; but if not, that his traducer might be punished in some exemplary manner. No sooner had he spoken than down fell the alguacil, groaning, foaming at the mouth, working with hands and feet, and making horrible faces. The dismay and confusion were great; but the pious commissioner remained like one in a trance, with hands and eyes raised to heaven, until some of the people implored him to have compassion on the dying sinner. Whereupon, like one waking out of a sweet dream, he came down, and standing over the sufferer, "with his eyes so turned up that nothing but the white could be seen," he prayed so devoutly that all the people were moved to tears. After which he laid the indulgence on the head of the alguacil, who forthwith came to himself, and, kneeling at the buldero's feet, declared that he had spoken at the instigation of the Devil, who had a great dread of the effects of the indulgences. The consequence was such a brisk demand for them that there was not a soul in the place, married or single, man-servant or maid, but bought one; and the story reaching the neighbouring villages, there was no need when they went their rounds to go to the church or preach a sermon, for the people used to flock to the posada for them "just as if they were pears given away gratis."

"Lazarillo owns that he himself was taken in until he heard his master and the alguacil laughing together over the stroke of business they had done, and then it struck him that "tricks and tricksters of this sort must be very common where the people are simple." We can easily understand the feelings with which a popular literature in this vein would be regarded by the Church while the battle of the Reformation was raging.

After leaving the buldero Lazarillo became a colour-grinder to a sign-board painter, then a water-carrier, then tipstaff to an alguacil, and finally contrived to get himself made town-crier of Toledo, "having observed," he says, "that no one prospers but those who hold some royal office." Empléomania, it seems, is nothing new in Spain: verily it is an unchanging country. Prosperity, as he considered it, came at any rate to Lazarillo; for, in the execution of his office, he found favour with a Church dignitary, the arch-priest of San Salvador, who conferred many

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benefits upon him—among others, his own housekeeper for a wife. It is true that mischief-making neighbours endeavoured to persuade Lazarillo that the latter was a very doubtful favour; but he professes himself so perfectly satisfied with the explanations of the priest and his wife that he leaves the reader at the end more puzzled than ever as to his character, whether he is an utterly brazen-faced rogue, or a queer compound of roguery and simplicity. It may be observed that Bouterwek, Ticknor, and others who have noticed the book, speak of it as a tale left unfinished by the author; but this is not the case. It is, indeed, in one sense unfinished, being an autobiography. "How can it be finished?" Gines de Pasamonte says to Don Quixote, *à propos* of his own story, "if my life is not yet finished?" But it is quite clear the author had no intention of ever carrying the adventures of Lazarillo any further, for he makes him use the present tense in speaking of his office of crier, as "that by which I am living to-day;" and of his marriage, as a step which "up to the present I have not repented." These, and one or two other expressions, show that the story is complete as far as the author's design is concerned; and, indeed, it is hard to see how it could have had a more artistic or appropriate ending than that which leaves the light-hearted scamp placidly contented with his equivocal position.\*

From the first, however, it was treated as an unfinished work. Two years after its appearance a continuation was printed at Antwerp, which for many years was commonly published appended to the original. It is an utterly worthless production, the author of which has entirely missed the aim and purpose of the work he attempts to complete; for, instead of a picture of real life, he offers a dull extravagance, in which Lazarillo is changed into a tunny-fish, and lives at the court of the king of the tunnies, and marries one of them. It almost reconciles one to the censor of the Inquisition to find him denouncing this "second part" as "muy impertinente y desgraciada," and cutting it away remorselessly from his emended edition of 1578. Another second part was produced in Paris in 1620, by one Juan de Luna, which is better in so far as it makes an attempt at treading in the footsteps of the original Lazarillo, but it is very coarse and vulgar, and, though not without liveliness, entirely wanting in the humour of its model. The best part of it, that in which Lazarillo, captured by some fishermen, is exhibited about the country as a sea-monster, was evidently suggested by the earlier continuation. It has, however, succeeded in attaching itself so closely to the

\* Ticknor says of the *Lazarillo* that it seems impossible it could have been written by a Churchman, "not indeed on account of its *immoral tone*, but on account of its attack on the Church." Unless it is in the passage here referred to it is difficult to see where the "immoral tone" is to be detected, and if this is what he was thinking of, we can only say we have seen worse in modern novels, written, as Captain Shandon would have said, "by ladies for ladies." But Ticknor was more familiar with the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than with contemporary fiction.

original that it has generally passed muster as a legitimate sequel; the learned Sismondi even treats it as the work of the same hand, and the translators usually append it without a word of comment. The latter are, as might be expected, numerous. Translations in Italian, German, French, and English were speedily produced, but the book being essentially a popular one, the translations have all been popular also in the worst sense of the word; versions the object of which is, not to transfer the author's work from one language into another, but simply to adapt it to the requirements and tastes of people who want to be amused. The oldest English translation is that of David Rowlands, of Anglesea, which was published as early as 1586; but the one through which the *Lazarillo* is known to perhaps nine out of ten of the English readers who are acquainted with it is one printed at the beginning of the last century, and written with all the vulgarity of the *Ned Ward* school. It is, moreover, not a translation from the original Spanish, as it pretends to be, but from the French version of the Abbé de Charnes, who, like a good many French translators, has no scruple about shirking difficulties, or inserting touches of his own when he thinks he can improve upon his author.\*

It is no wonder, therefore, that *Lazarillo de Tormes* has generally ranked in this country among the "chap-books," and by the side of such productions as the *Life of Bamfylde Moore Carew*. Nevertheless, there are very few books which have had so great an influence on English literature; an influence indirect, it is true, but not the less distinct for that reason. The effect of the *Lazarillo* was, as we have already said, to found a new school of fiction. Fifty years after it was first printed Cervantes speaks of it as the progenitor and type of a distinct class of romance. "Woe betide *Lazarillo de Tormes*," says Gines de Pasamonte, boasting of his own memoirs, "and all those of that sort (*todos cuantos de aquel genero*) that have been written or may be written." Of those that had been then written, besides the *Lazarillo*, the only one that has come down to us is Aleman's *Guzman de Alfarache*, which in Clemencin's opinion is sneered at in this passage. But the words of Cervantes certainly imply that more than one tale of the sort was extant at the time, and as upwards of a dozen editions of *Guzman* have entirely disappeared, it is by no means improbable that some less fortunate works may have suffered complete extinction. At any rate, from that time till the middle of the seventeenth century there was an unbroken succession of tales of the same family, including Marcos de Obregon, Quevedo's *Gran Tacaño*, *Estebanillo Gonzalez*, and several others of less note. In fact, *Don Quixote* and *Lazarillo de Tormes* were working together, each in its own way, towards the same end. Cervantes was laughing out of court the unreality of the

\* There is some confusion in Ticknor's note on these translations. The translation praised in the *Retrospective Review* is not David Rowland's, but the one from the French; and the translation "by James Blakeston," which Ticknor thinks better, is in fact Rowland's, Blakeston being merely the editor of a new edition. It certainly is better, but that is all that can be said for it.

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old romances, and showing the practical anachronism involved in talking high chivalry in a world which had become obstinately prosaic; while the example of the *Lazarillo* was demonstrating how needless it was to go in search of outlandish knights and impossible shepherds when there were far more entertaining heroes to be picked up in any market-place in Spain.

It may, perhaps, seem bordering on irreverence to speak of any other book in the language as in any way a rival of *Don Quixote*, but in this case the rivalry does not go far. If *Don Quixote* had no other excellence, it would still tower above all Spanish literature in virtue of being the one work of imagination in which the characters are individual and not merely representative. In the whole range of the Spanish drama, for example (and Lope alone wrote more plays than all our dramatists put together, from Shakespeare to Sheridan), there is not an instance of an individualised character. It is not merely that there are no Lears, or Hamlets, or Falstaffs, but there is no Mercutio, or Benedick, or Iago, though the comedies of the *capa y espada* abound with witty, gallant gentlemen and consummate villains. All are either representatives of a class, or personifications of a passion. As it is in the drama so it is in the novels, *Don Quixote* excepted, and hence *Don Quixote* is the one cosmopolitan work Spain has produced. Not only Sancho and his master, but the minor personages, the Cura, Samson Carrasco, even Maritornes, are creations that live, move, and have their being, wherever translated, and however clumsy the translation. The *Lazarillo* is no exception to the general rule in this respect. The squire is an admirable figure, and obviously true to life, but the figure the reader has before him is the starving Spanish hidalgo, not this particular hidalgo; and though *Lazarillo* is a nearer approach to individuality, and might have developed into a character if the art of novel-writing had not been in its infancy, he is, as he stands, only a typical young vagabond. But if *Lazarillo de Tormes* cannot rank by the side of *Don Quixote*, it comes next to it—*longo intervallo*, no doubt, but still next—among the works of genius in Spanish literature. Lope, Quevedo, Calderon, and Gongora may claim precedence over the author of the "little treatise" on the score of the volume of their productions, but there is no single production of theirs, or of any other Spanish writer except Cervantes, marked with the same originality, invention, and truth to nature. These were the qualities by which it mainly acquired its popularity and influence; of its other merits, those which probably contributed most to its success were its genuine humour, which must have brought a new sensation to the Spanish romance readers of the day, and its delightful, easy, natural style. Mendoza's *War of Granada* is deservedly esteemed as a model of stately Castilian, and the *Lazarillo* is in its way a model also, but of racy, colloquial Castilian, terse, idiomatic, and unconstrained, and as free from slang and vulgarity as from the pedantry and affectation which disfigure so many of the tales of the same sort written at a later period. In fact, the book answers precisely to Don Diego de Miranda's description of the books he loved, of which he complained there were too few in Spain,

"books of honest entertainment, which charm by their language and interest by their invention." It is not surprising, therefore, that, coming as it did when the choice for light reading lay between the inflated romances of chivalry and the somewhat insipid prose pastorals, the *Lazarillo* should have created a new taste, which in process of time bore fruit in a new species of fiction. This was in every respect the opposite of its predecessors. The romances of chivalry, as well as the pastorals, were of foreign origin, but became thoroughly naturalised and nationalised in Spain; the new fiction was of pure Spanish birth, but it reached its highest development beyond the Pyrenees. The former grew out of the imagination and sentiment of the Middle Ages, the latter out of the movement of thought at the period of the Reformation. In the former the aim was to lead the reader into scenes as remote as possible from the experiences of everyday life; in the latter to bring everyday life as vividly as possible before his eyes.

Such was the genesis of the picaresque novel of Spain, a variety of romance which has exercised, and may be said even still to exercise, a considerable influence on imaginative literature. The most popular fiction of modern times will furnish an illustration in point. We know from sundry hints and admissions of his own (for instance, in that delightful visit to Dullborough in the *Uncommercial Traveller*) that the favourite romance of Charles Dickens's boyhood was *Roderick Random*; and even if he had not told us, there is abundant evidence in *Pickwick* to show that its author was an affectionate reader of Smollett. To say that Dickens could not have written *Pickwick* without the influence of Smollett would be absurd; but assuredly *Pickwick* would not have been the *Pickwick* we know but for that influence. Now, *Roderick Random* is a picaresque novel pure and simple, which undoubtedly owes its existence in that shape and form to Le Sage. We can easily conceive Smollett writing as good a *Roderick Random* if Le Sage had never existed, but that *Roderick Random* would have been something quite different from our old friend. In the same way *Gil Blas* is related to the Spanish picaresque tales. An oak does not owe its high head and spreading limbs to the acorn from which it sprang; these are owing to circumstances—soil, situation, shelter, and the like. But it owes its existence to the acorn, and *Gil Blas* is indebted for existence to the picaresque novels just as the oak is to the acorn. They, as we have already said, sprang from the *gusto picaresco*, the taste created by *Lazarillo de Tormes*. As for the *Lazarillo* itself, all we know is that we find it coming out of that great fermentation of thought at the beginning of the sixteenth century, out of which so many ideas have grown: and so, wide as the gulf may be between Martin Luther and the genial old Cockney philosopher of Goswell Street, it is bridged over by the freemasonry of genius.

## Life, Past and Future, in other Worlds.

DURING the summer months of this year two planets will be conspicuous which illustrate strikingly the varieties of condition distinguishing the members of the solar system from each other. One is the planet Jupiter, at his nearest and brightest in the middle of April, but conspicuous as an evening star for several months thereafter; the other is the planet Mars, shining with chief splendour towards the end of June, but distinguishable by his brightness and colour for several weeks before and after that time. We have had occasion to consider these two planets in three essays in these pages. The first, called "Life in Mars," in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for May 1871, dealt with the theory that life probably exists in Mars. This theory, which may be called the Brewsterian theory, was not viewed unfavourably in the essay; for in fact the writer at that time regarded the theory as on the whole more probable than Whewell's. The second essay, which related to the planet Jupiter, bore the title "A Giant Planet," and appeared in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for May 1872. In this essay, the largest of all the planets was certainly not presented as the probable abode of life, though, on the other hand, the theory advanced respecting Jupiter could hardly be called a Whewellite theory. For Whewell, as our readers doubtless remember, advanced the theory that the globe of Jupiter probably consists in the main of water, with perhaps a cindery nucleus, and maintained that if any kind of life exists at all in this planet, its inhabitants must be pulpy, gelatinous creatures, living in a dismal world of water and ice; whereas we pointed to evidence showing that an intense heat pervades the whole globe of Jupiter, and causes disturbances so tremendous that life would be impossible there even if we could conceive the existence of creatures capable of enduring the planet's fiery heat. Yet a year later there appeared in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for July 1873, a Whewellite essay on Mars, in which we dealt with certain considerations opposed to the Brewsterian theory that life probably exists on the ruddy planet. Without absolutely adopting Whewell's view, we discussed those facts which "would certainly not be left untouched by Whewell if he now lived and sought to maintain his position against the believers in 'more worlds than one.'"

Those three essays illustrate, but do not strictly synchronize with, the gradual change in the writer's ideas respecting the subject of life in other worlds. In fact, so far back as the close of the year 1869, he had begun to regard doubtfully the theory of Brewster, which until then had appeared on the whole the most reasonable way of viewing the celestial



bodies. The careful study of the planets Jupiter and Saturn had shown that the theory of their being the abode of life (that is, of any kind of life in the least resembling the forms we are familiar with) is altogether untenable. The great difference between those planets and the members of the smaller planetary family of which our earth is the chief, suggested that in truth the major planets belong to another order of orbs altogether, and that we have as much or as little reason for comparing them to the sun as for comparing them to the earth on which we live. Nevertheless, in the case of Venus and Mars, the features of resemblance to our earth predominate over those of dissimilarity; and it was natural that the writer, while rejecting the theory of life in Jupiter or Saturn as opposed to all the available evidence, should still consider the theory of life in Mars or Venus as at least plausible. Ideas on such subjects are not less tenacious than theories on matters more strictly scientific. Not only so, but the bearing of newly recognised facts on long-entertained theories is not at once recognised even by those most careful to square their opinions according to the evidence they are acquainted with. Again and again it has happened that students of science (in which term we include the leaders of scientific opinions) have been found recording and explaining in one chapter some newly recognised fact, while in another chapter they have described with approval some old theory, in total forgetfulness of the fact that with the new discovery the old theory has become altogether untenable. Sometimes the incongruity is not recognised until it has been pointed out by others. Sometimes, so thoroughly do our prepossessions become "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," that even the clearest reasoning does not prevent the student of science from combining the acceptance of a newly-discovered fact with continued belief in a theory which that fact entirely disproves. Let the matter be explained as it may, it was only gradually that both the Brewsterian and Whewellite theories of life in other worlds gave place in the writer's mind to a theory in one sense intermediate to them, in another sense opposed to both, which seems to accord better than either with what we know about our own earth, about the other members of the solar system, and about other suns which people space. What we now propose to do is to present this theory as specially illustrated by the two planets which adorn our evening skies during the summer months of the present year.

But it may be asked at the outset, whether the question of life in other worlds is worthy of the attention thus directed to it. Seeing that we have not and can never have positive knowledge on the subject, is it to be regarded as, in the scientific sense, worthy of discussion at all? Can the astronomer or the geologist, the physicist or the biologist, know more on this subject than those who have no special knowledge of astronomy, or geology, or physics, or biology? The astronomer can say how large such and such a planet is, its average density, the length of its day and its year, the light-reflecting qualities of its surface, even (with the physicist's aid) the nature of the atmosphere surrounding it, and so on; the geologist can tell much about the past history of our own earth, whence we may infer



the variations of condition which other earths in the universe probably undergo ; the physicist, besides aiding the astronomer in his inquiries into the condition of other orbs, can determine somewhat respecting the physical requirements of living creatures ; and the biologist can show how the races inhabiting our earth have gradually become modified in accordance with the varying conditions surrounding them, how certain ill-adapted races have died out while well-adapted races have thriven and multiplied, and how matters have so proceeded that during the whole time since life began upon our earth there has been no danger of the disappearance of any of the leading orders of living creatures. But no astronomer, or geologist, or physicist, or biologist, can tell us anything certain about life in other worlds. If a man possessed the fullest knowledge of all the leading branches of scientific research, he would remain perfectly ignorant as to the actual state of affairs in the planets even of our own system. His ideas about other worlds must still be speculative ; and the most ignorant can speculate on such matters as freely as the most learned. Indeed the ignorant can speculate a great deal more freely. And it is *here*, precisely, that knowledge has the advantage. The student of science feels that in such matters he must be guided by the analogies which have been already brought to his knowledge. If he rejects the Brewsterian or the Whewellite theory, it is not because either theory is a mere speculation for which he feels free to substitute a speculation of his own ; but because, on a careful consideration of the facts, he finds that the analogies on which each theory was based were either insufficient, or were not correctly dealt with, and that other analogies, or these when rightly viewed, point to a different conclusion as more probable.

Nor need we be concerned by the consideration that there can be no scientific value in any conclusion to which we may be led on the subject of life in other worlds, even though our method of reasoning be so far scientific that the argument from analogy is correctly dealt with. If we look closely into the matter, we shall find that as respects the great purposes for which science is studied, it is as instructive to think over the question of life in other worlds as to reason about matters which are commonly regarded as purely scientific. It is scientific to infer from observations of a planet that it has such and such a diameter, or such and such a mass ; and thence to infer that its surface contains so many millions of square miles, its volume so many millions of cubic miles, its mass so many billions or trillions of tons ; yet these facts are not impressive in themselves. It is only when we consider them in connection with what we know about our own earth that they acquire meaning, or at least that they have any real interest for us. For then alone do we recognise their bearing on the great problem which underlies all science,—the question of the meaning of the wonderful machinery at work around us ; machinery of which we are ourselves a portion.\*

\* It has often seemed to us that a description, by the close observer Dickens, of the fancies of a brain distempered by fever, corresponds with feelings which the student

In suggesting views respecting Jupiter and Mars unlike those which have been commonly received with favour, it is not by any means our purpose, as the reader might anticipate, to depart from the usual course of judging the unknown by the known. Although that course is fraught with difficulties, and has often led the student of science astray, it is in such inquiries as the present the proper, one may almost say the only, course. The exception we take to the ordinary views is not based on the fact that too much reliance has been placed on the argument from analogy, but that the argument has been incorrectly employed. A just use of the argument leads to conclusions very different from those commonly accepted, but not less different from that theory of the universe to which Whewell seems to have felt himself driven by his recognition of the illogical nature of the ordinary theory respecting the plurality of worlds.

Let us consider what the argument from analogy really teaches us in this case.

The just use of the argument from analogy requires that we should form our opinion respecting the other planets, chiefly by considering the lessons taught us by our own earth, the only planet we are acquainted with. Indeed, it has been thus that the belief in many inhabited worlds has been supported; so that if we employ the evidence given by our own earth, we cannot be said to adopt a novel method of reasoning, though we may be led to novel conclusions.

The fact that the earth is inhabited, affords, of course, an argument in favour of the theory that the other planets are also inhabited. In other words, a certain degree of probability is given to this theory. But we must look somewhat more closely into the matter to ascertain what that probability may amount to. For there are all orders of probability, from uncertainty down to a degree of probability so low that it approaches closely to that extremest form of improbability which we call impossibility. It is well at once to take this logical basis; for there are few mistakes more mischievous than the supposition that a theory supported by certain evidence derives from that evidence a probability equal to that of the evidence itself. It is absolutely certain that the one planet we know is inhabited; but it by no means follows certainly that planets like the earth support life, still less that planets unlike the earth do so, and least of all that every planet is now the abode of life.

of science is apt to experience as the sense of the awful mystery of the universe impresses itself on his soul:—"The time seemed interminable. I confounded impossible existences with my own identity. . . I was as a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet I implored in my own person to have the engine stopped and my part in it hammered off." Of all the wonders that the student of science deals with, of all the mysteries that perplex him, is there aught more wonderful, more perplexing, than the thought that he, a part of the mighty machinery of the universe, should anxiously inquire into its nature and motions, should seek to interpret the design of its Maker, and should be concerned as to his own share in the working of the mysterious mechanism?

A higher degree of probability in favour of the theory that there are many inhabited worlds arises from a consideration of the *manner* in which life exists on the earth. If one could judge of a *purpose* (according to our way of thinking) in all that is going on around us, our earth might teach us to regard the support of life as Nature's great purpose. Earth, water, and air, alike teem with life. No peculiarities of climate seem able to banish life. As we have said elsewhere, "in the bitter cold within the Arctic regions, with their strange alternations of long summer days and long winter nights, their frozen seas, perennial ice, and scanty vegetation, life flourishes in a hundred different forms. On the other hand, the torrid zone, with its blazing heat, its long-continued droughts, its strange absence of true seasonal changes, and its trying alternations of oppressive calms and fiercely raging hurricanes, nourishes even more numerous and varied forms of life than the great temperate zones. Around mountain summits as in the depths of the most secluded valleys, in mid-ocean as in the arid desert, in the air as beneath the surface of the earth, we find a myriad forms of life." Nor is the scene changed when, with the mind's eye, we contemplate the earth during past ages of her history, even to the most remote stage of her existence, as a planet fit to be the abode of life. Whenever there was life at all, there was abundant life. For though no traces remain of a million forms of life which co-existed with the few forms recognised as belonging to this or that geologic era, yet we can infer from the forms of which traces remain that others must have been present which have left no trace of their existence. The skeletons of mighty carnivora assure us that multitudes of creatures existed on which those monsters fed. The great sea creatures whose remains have been found attest the existence of many races of small fish. The mighty Pterodactyl did not range through desert aerial regions, for he could exist only where many orders of aerial creatures also existed. Of minute creatures inhabiting the water we have records in the strata formed as generation after generation sank to the sea-bottom after death, whereas the correspondingly minute inhabitants of the land and of the air have left no trace of their existence; yet we can feel no reasonable doubt that in every geologic age forms of minute life were as rich in air and on the land as in the sea, or as they now are in all three. Of insect life all but a few traces have passed away, though occasionally, by some rare accident, even so delicate a structure as a butterfly's wing has left its record, not only attesting the existence of hosts of insects, but showing that delicate flowers with all the charms of sweet perfume and variegated colour existed in those times as in ours. It is no mere speculation, then, but the direct and unquestionable teaching of geology, that throughout the whole time represented by the fossiliferous rocks, life of all kinds was most abundant on our earth.

And while we thus recognise throughout our earth's history as a planet, Nature's apparent purpose of providing infinitely varied forms of life at all times and under the most varied conditions, we also perceive that

Nature possesses a power of modifying the different types in accordance with the varying conditions under which they subsist. Without entering here into the vexed question of the actual extent to which the principle of selection operates, we must admit that it does operate largely, and that it must necessarily cause gradual change of every type of living creature towards the most suitable form. This particular operation of Nature must certainly be regarded as an apparent carrying out of the purpose attributed to her by our manner of speaking when we say that Nature's one great object is the support of life. If types were unchangeable, life would come to an end upon a globe whose condition is not only not unchangeable, but changes largely in the course of long periods of time. But types of life change, or can change when required, at least as quickly as the surrounding conditions—save in the case of certain catastrophes, which, however, never affect any considerable proportion of the earth's surface.

Nor is it easy to assign any limits to this power of adaptation, though we can scarcely doubt that limits exist. The earth may so change in the course of hundreds of thousands of years to come that none of the chief forms of life, animal or vegetable, at present existing, could live even for a single year under the changed conditions of those distant times, while yet the descendants of creatures now living (including man) may be as well fitted to the circumstances around them as the most favoured races of our own time. Still there must be a limit beyond which the change of the earth's condition, whether through the cooling of her own globe or the diminution of the sun's heat, will be such that no conceivable modification of the types of life now existing could render life possible. It must not be forgotten that Nature's power of adaptation is known to be finite in many cases, and, therefore, must be presumed to be finite in all cases. The very process of selection by which adaptation is secured implies the continual failure of preceding adaptations. The struggle for life involves the repeated victory of death. The individuals which perish in the struggle (that is, which perish untimely) far outnumber those which survive. And what is true of individuals is true of types. Nature is as wasteful of types as she is of life—

So careful of the type; but no,  
 . From scarped cliff and quarried stone  
 She cries, "a thousand types are gone;  
 I care for nothing, *all* shall go."

This is, in truth, what we must believe, if, reasoning by analogy, we pass but one step higher in the scheme of creation. We know that Nature, wasteful of individual life, is equally wasteful of types of life. Must we not infer that she is no less wasteful of those aggregations of types which constitute the populations of worlds? Watching her operations a few brief minutes, we might (setting experience aside) suppose her careful of individual life. Watching during a few generations, we should pronounce her careful of the type, though careless of life. But we perceive, when we extend the range of time through which we look, that she

is careless no less of the type than of life. Why should this extension of the range of view be the last we should permit ourselves? If we pronounce Nature careful of the planetary populations, though careless of the types of life which make up such populations, we are simply declining to take a further step in the course pointed out for us by the teachings of analogy.

Let us go over the ground afresh. Individual creatures, even the most favoured, perish after a time, though the balance may long oscillate between life and death. Weak at first, each creature which is to live grows at length to its full strength, not without vicissitudes which threaten its existence. As its life progresses the struggle continues. At one time the causes tending to decay seem to prevail awhile; at another, those which restore the vital powers. Disease is resisted again and again; at first easily, gradually with greater difficulty, until at length death wins the day. So it is with types or orders of living creatures. A favoured type, weak at first, begins after awhile to thrive, and eventually attains its fullest development. But from time to time the type is threatened by dangers. Surrounding conditions become less favourable. It ceases to thrive, or, perhaps, passes through successive alternation of decay and restoration. At length the time comes when the struggle for existence can manifestly have but one end; and then, though the type may linger long before it actually disappears, its disappearance is only a question of time. Now, it is true that each type thus flourishing for awhile springs from other types which have disappeared. The favoured types of our age are but varieties of past types. Yet this does not show that types will continue to succeed each other in endless succession. For if we consider the matter rightly, we perceive that the analogue of this circumstance is, in the case of individual life, the succession of living creatures generation after generation. And as we know that each family, however large, dies out in the long run unless recruited from without, so we are to infer that the various types peopling this earth, since they cannot be recruited from without, must at length die out, though to our conceptions the time necessary for this process may appear infinite.

To the student of science who recognises the true meaning of the doctrine that force can be neither annihilated nor created, it will indeed appear manifest that life must eventually perish from the face of the earth; for he perceives that the earth possesses now a certain fund or store of force in her inherent heat, which is continually though slowly passing away. The sun also, which is a store-house whence certain forms of force are distributed to the earth, has only a finite amount of energy (though probably the inhabitants of earth are less directly concerned in this than in the finiteness of terrestrial forces). Life of all kinds on the earth depends on both these stores of force; and when either store is exhausted life must disappear from the earth. But each store is in its nature limited, and must one day, therefore, be exhausted.

We have also only to consider that life on the earth necessarily had a



beginning, to infer that it must necessarily have an end. Clearest evidence shows how our earth was once "a fluid haze of light," and how for countless aeons afterwards her globe was instinet with fiery heat, amidst which no form of life could be conceived to exist, after the manner of life known to us, though the germs of life may have been present "in the midst of the fire." Then followed ages in which the earth's glowing crust was drenched by showers of muriatic, nitric, and sulphuric acid, not only intensely hot, but fiercely burning through their chemical activity. Only after periods infinite to our conceptions could life such as we know it, or even in the remotest degree like what is now known to us, have begun to exist upon the earth.

The reader, doubtless, perceives whither these considerations tend, and how they bear in an especial manner on the opinion we are to form respecting the two planets Mars and Jupiter. We see our earth passing through a vast period, from its first existence as a separate member of the solar system, to the time when life appeared upon its surface; then began a comparatively short period, now in progress, during which the earth has been and will be the abode of life; and after that must follow a period infinite to our conceptions when the cold and inert globe of the earth will circle as lifelessly round the sun as the moon now does. We may, if we please, infer this from analogy, seeing that the duration of life is always infinitely small by comparison with the duration of the region where life appears; so that, by analogy, the duration of life on the earth would be infinitely short compared with the duration of the earth itself. But we are brought to the same conclusion independently of analogy, perceiving that the fire of the earth's youth and the deathly cold of her old age must alike be infinite in duration compared with her period of vital life-preserving warmth. And what is true of the earth is true of every member of the solar system, major planet, minor planet, asteroid, or satellite; probably of every orb in space, from the minutest meteorite to suns exceeding our sun a thousandfold in volume.

Now, if we had any reason to suppose that all the planets sprang simultaneously into being, that each stage of each planet's existence synchronized with the same stage for every other planet, and that life appeared and disappeared at corresponding stages in the existence of every planet, we should perforce accept the theory that at this moment every planet is the abode of life. Not only, however, have we no reason to suppose that any one of these conditions exists (and not one but *all* these conditions must exist before that theory can be accepted), but we have the strongest possible evidence, short of actual demonstration, that the births of the different planets occurred at widely remote periods, and that the several stages of the different planets' growth differed enormously in duration; while analogy, the only available evidence on the third point, assures us that little resemblance can be supposed to exist between the conditions and requirements of life in different members of the solar system.

On any reasonable hypothesis of the evolution of the solar system, the



eight primary planets must have begun to exist as independent bodies at very different periods. If we adopt Laplace's theory of the gradual contraction of a mighty nebula, then we should infer that the planets were formed in the order of their distances from the sun, the remoter planets being those formed first. And according to the conditions of Laplace's hypothesis, the interval separating the formation of one planet from that of its next neighbour on either side must have been of enormous duration. If we prefer the theory of the gradual growth of each planet by processes of accretion, we should infer perhaps that the larger planets took longest in growing to maturity, or preferably that (according to the doctrine of probabilities) a process which for the whole system must have been of inconceivably enormous length, and in which the formation of one planet was in no sort connected with the formation of any other, could not have resulted in bringing any two planets to maturity at the same or nearly the same time, save by so improbable a combination of fortuitous circumstances as may justly be considered impossible. If we consider that the solar system was evolved by a combination of both processes (the most probable theory of the three in our opinion), we must still conclude that the epochs of the formation of the different planets were separated by time intervals so enormous that the duration of life upon our earth is, by comparison, as a mere second compared with a thousand years.

Again, if we compare any two members of the solar system, except perhaps Venus and the Earth, we cannot doubt that the duration of any given stage of the existence of one must be very different from that of the corresponding stage in the other. If we compare, for instance, Mars with the Earth, or the Earth with Jupiter, and still more, if we compare Mars with Jupiter, we cannot doubt that the smaller orb of each pair must pass much more rapidly through the different stages of its existence than the larger. The laws of physics assure us of this, apart from all evidence afforded by actual observation; but the results of observation confirm the theoretical conclusions deduced from physical laws. We cannot, indeed, study Mars in such sort as to ascertain his actual physical condition. We know that his surface is divided into lands and seas, and that he possesses an atmosphere; we know that the vapour of water is at times present in this atmosphere; we can see that snows gather over his polar regions in winter and diminish in summer: but we cannot certainly determine whether his oceans are like our own or for the most part frozen; the whitish light which spreads at times over land or sea may be due to clouds or to light snow-falls, for aught that observation shows us; the atmosphere may be as dense as our own or exceedingly rare; the polar regions of the planet may resemble the earth's polar regions, or may be whitened by snows relatively quite insignificant in quantity. In fine, so far as observation extends, the physical condition of Mars may closely resemble that of the earth, or be utterly dissimilar. But we have indirect observational means of determining the probable condition of a planet smaller than the earth, and presumably older—that is, at a later stage of its existence. For the

moon is such a planet, and the telescope shows us that the moon in her decrepitude is oceanless, and is either wholly without atmosphere or possesses an atmosphere of exceeding tenuity. Hence we infer that Mars, which, as an exterior planet and much smaller than the earth, is probably at a far later stage of its existence, has passed far on his way towards the same state of decrepitude as the moon. As to Jupiter, though he is so much farther from us than Mars, we have direct observational evidence, because of the vast scale on which all the processes in progress on his mighty globe are taking place. We see that his whole surface is enwrapped in cloud layers of enormous depth, and undergoing changes which imply an intense activity (or, in other words, an intense heat) throughout the whole mass of Jupiter. We recognise in the planet's appearance the signs of as near an approach to the condition of the earth, when as yet the greater part of her mass was vaporous, as is consistent with the vast difference necessarily existing between two orbs containing such unequal quantities of matter.

Mars, on the one hand, differs from the earth in being a far older planet,—*probably*, as respects the actual time which has elapsed since the planet was formed, and *certainly*, as respects the stage of its career which it has now reached. Jupiter, on the other hand, differs from the earth in being a far younger planet, not in years perhaps, but in condition. As to the actual age of Jupiter we cannot form so probable an opinion as in the case of Mars. Mars being an exterior planet, must have *begun* to be formed long before the earth, and, being a much smaller planet, was probably a shorter time in attaining his mature growth: on both accounts, therefore, he would be much older than the earth in years; while, as we have seen, his relative smallness would cause the successive stages of his career subsequent to his existence as an independent and mature planet to be much shorter. Jupiter, being exterior to Mars, presumably began to be formed millions of centuries before that planet, but his bulk and mass so enormously exceed those of Mars that his growth must have required a far longer time; so that it is not at all certain that even in point of years Jupiter (dating from his maturity) may not be the youngest member of the solar system. But even if not, it is practically certain that, as regards development, Jupiter is far younger than any member of the solar system, save perhaps his brother giant Saturn, whose greater antiquity and inferior mass (both suggesting a later stage of development) may have been counterbalanced by a comparative sluggishness of growth in the outer parts of the solar domain.

It is manifest from observed facts, in the case of Jupiter, that he is as yet far removed from the life-bearing stage of planetary existence, and theoretical considerations point to the same conclusion. In the case of Mars, theoretical considerations render it extremely probable that he has long since passed the life-bearing stage, and observed facts, though they do not afford strong evidence in favour of this conclusion, suggest nothing which, rightly considered, is opposed to it. It is true that, as we have

shown in former essays on this planet, Mars presents many features of resemblance to our earth. The planet rotates in a period not differing much from our day; his year does not exceed ours so greatly as to suggest relations unpleasantly affecting living creatures; it has been shown that there are oceans in Mars, though it is not quite so clear that they are not for the most part frozen; he has an atmosphere, and the vapour of water is at times present in that atmosphere as in ours; clouds form there; snow falls, and perhaps rain from time to time; ice and snow gather at the poles in winter, and are partially melted in summer; the land surface must necessarily be uneven, seeing that the very existence of continents and oceans implies that once, at any rate, the globe of Mars was subjected to forces resembling those which have produced the irregularities of the earth's surface; glacial action must still be going on there, even if there is no rainfall, and therefore no denuding action corresponding to that which results from the fall of rain on our terrestrial continents. But it is a mistake (and a mistake too commonly made) to suppose that the continuance of those natural processes which are advantageous to living creatures, implies the existence of such creatures. The assumption is that the beneficent processes of nature are never wasted according to our conceptions. Yet we see over and over again in nature not merely what resembles waste, what in fact *is* waste according to our ideas, but an enormous excess of wasted over utilized processes. The sun pours forth on all sides the supplies of light and heat which, where received as on our earth, sustain vegetable and animal life; but the portion received by our earth is less than the 2000 millionth, the portion received by all the planets less than the 230 millionth part, of the total force thus continually expended. And this is typical of nature's operations everywhere. The earth on which we live illustrates the truth as clearly as the sun. We are apt to say that it teems with life, forgetting that the region occupied by living creatures of all orders is a mere shell, while the whole interior mass of the earth, far larger in volume, and undergoing far more active processes of change—teeming in fact with energy—contains no living creature, or at least can only be supposed to contain living creatures by imagining conditions of life utterly different from those we are familiar with.

The mere continuance therefore on Mars of processes which on the earth we associate with the existence of life, in reality proves nothing as to the continued existence of life on Mars. The surface of the moon, for example, must undergo disturbances,—mighty throes, as the great wave of sun-distributed heat circles round her orb once in each lunation,—yet few suppose that there is life, or has been for untold ages, on the once teeming surface of our companion planet. The formation of Mars as a planet must so long have preceded that of our earth, his original heat must have been so much less, his small globe must have parted with such heat as it once had so much more rapidly, Mars lies so much farther from the sun than our earth does, his atmosphere is so much rarer, his supply of water

(the temperature-conserving element) is relatively as well as absolutely so much smaller, that his surface must be utterly unfit to support life in the remotest degree resembling the forms of life known on earth (save, of course, those lower forms which from the outset we have left out of consideration). Yet at one time, a period infinitely remote according to our conceptions of time, the globe of Mars must have resembled our earth's in warmth, and in being disturbed by the internal forces which cause that continual remodelling of a planet's surface without which life must soon pass away. Again, in that remote period the sun himself was appreciably younger; for we must remember that although, measured by ordinary time-intervals, the sun seems to give forth an unvarying supply of heat day by day, a real process of exhaustion is in progress *there* also. At one time there must have existed on Mars as near an approach to the present condition of our earth, or rather to her general condition during this life-supporting era of her existence, as is consistent with the difference in the surface gravity of the planets, and with other differences inherent as it were in their nature. Since Mars must also have passed through the fiery stage of planetary life and through that intermediate period when, as it would seem, life springs spontaneously into being under the operation of natural laws not as yet understood by us, we cannot doubt that when his globe was thus fit for the support of life, life existed upon it. Thus for a season,—enormously long compared with our ordinary time-measures, but very short compared with the life-supporting era of our earth's career,—Mars was a world like our own, filled with various forms of life. Doubtless, these forms changed as the conditions around them changed, advancing or retrograding as the conditions were favourable or the reverse, perhaps developing into forms corresponding to the various races of men in the possession of reasoning powers, but possibly only attaining to the lower attributes of consciousness when the development of life on Mars was at its highest, thenceforth passing by slow degrees into lower types as the old age of Mars approached, and finally perishing as cold and death seized the planet for their prey.

In the case of Jupiter, we are guided by observed facts to the conclusion that ages must elapse before life can be possible. Theory only tells us that this mighty planet, exceeding the earth three hundred times in mass, and containing five-sevenths of the mass of the whole system of bodies travelling around the sun, must still retain a large proportion of its original heat, even if we suppose its giant orb took no longer in fashioning than the small globe of our earth. Theory tells us moreover that so vast a globe could not possibly have so small a density (less than one-fourth the earth's) under the mighty compressing force of its own gravity, unless some still more potent cause were at work to resist that tremendous compression—and this force can be looked for nowhere but in the intense heat of the planet's whole mass. But observation shows us also that Jupiter is thus heated. For we see that the planet is surrounded by great cloud belts such as our own sun would be incompetent to raise,—far more

so the small sun which would be seen in the skies of Jupiter if already a firmament had been set "in the midst of the waters." We see that these belts undergo marvellous changes of shape and colour, implying the action of exceedingly energetic forces. We know from observation that the region in which the cloud-bands form is exceedingly deep, even if the innermost region to which the telescope penetrates is the true surface of the planet—while there is reason for doubting whether there may not be cloud-layer within cloud-layer, to a depth of many thousand miles,—or even whether the planet has any real surface at all. And, knowing from the study of the earth's crust that for long ages the whole mass of our globe was in a state of fiery heat, while a yet longer period preceded this when the earth's globe was vaporous, we infer from analogy that Jupiter is passing, though far more slowly, through stages of his existence corresponding with terrestrial eras long anterior to the appearance of life upon the scene.

We must, then, in the case of Jupiter, look to a far distant future for the period of the planet's existence as a life-sustainer. The intense heat of the planet must in the course of time be gradually radiated away into space, until at length the time will come when life will be possible. Then, doubtless, will follow a period (far longer than the life-sustaining portion of the earth's existence) during which Jupiter will in his turn be the abode of life. It may be that long before then the sun will have lost so large a proportion of his heat that life on Jupiter will be mainly sustained by the planet's inherent heat. But more probably the changes in the sun's heat take place far more slowly relatively than changes in the condition of any planet, even the largest. Possibly, even, the epoch when Jupiter will have so far cooled as to be a fit abode for life, will be so remote that the sun's fires will have been recruited by the indrawing of the inferior family of planets, including our own earth. For it must be remembered that the periods we have to deal with in considering the cooling of such an orb as Jupiter are so enormous, that not merely the ordinary time-measures, but even the vast periods dealt with by geologists must be insignificant by comparison. Yonder is Jupiter still enwrapped in clouds of vapour raised by his internal heat, still seething, as it were, in his primeval fires, though the earth has passed through all the first stages of her existence, and has even long since passed the time of her maturity as a life-sustaining globe. It is no mere fancy to say that all the eras of Jupiter's existence must be far longer than the corresponding terrestrial eras, since we actually see Jupiter in that early stage of his existence, and know that the earth has passed through many stages towards the final eras of decay and death. It is indeed impossible to form any opinion as to the probable condition of the sun or of the solar system when Jupiter shall become fit to support life, seeing that, for aught we know, far higher cycles than those measured by the planetary motions may have passed ere that time arrives. The sun may not be a solitary star, but a member of a star-system, and before Jupiter has cooled



down to the life-sustaining condition, the sun's relation to other suns of his own system may have altered materially, although no perceptible changes have occurred during the relatively minute period (a trifle of four thousand years or so) since astronomy began.

And as, in considering the case of Mars, we suggested the possibility that owing to the relative shortness of that planet's life-sustaining era, the development of the higher forms of life may have been less complete than on our earth thus far (still less than the development of those forms on the earth in coming ages), so we may well believe that during the long period of Jupiter's existence as a life-supporting planet, creatures far higher in the scale of being than any that have inhabited, or may hereafter inhabit, the earth, will be brought into existence. As the rule of nature on earth has been to advance from simple to more complex forms, from lower types to higher, so (following the argument from analogy) we must suppose the law of nature to be elsewhere. And time being a necessary element in any process of natural development, it follows that where nature is allowed a longer time to operate, higher forms, nobler types, will be developed. If this be so, then in Jupiter, the prince of planets, higher forms of animated conscious being will doubtless be developed than in any other planet. We need not indeed point out that the supposition on which this conclusion rests is merely speculative, and that now, when the laws of natural development have so recently begun to be recognised, and are still so imperfectly known, the argument from analogy is (in this particular case) necessarily weak. Nevertheless, analogy points in the direction we have indicated, and it is well to look outwards and onwards in that direction, even though the objects within the field of view are too remote or us to perceive their real forms.

But, limiting our conclusions to those which may be justly inferred from known facts, let us inquire how the subject of life in other worlds presents itself when dealt with according to the relations above considered.

It is manifest at once that whether our new ideas respecting the present condition of Mars or Jupiter be correct or not, the general argument deducible from the analogy of our own earth remains unaffected. If Mars and Jupiter be at this moment inhabited by living creatures, it can only be because these orbs happen to be passing through the life-supporting period of their existence. We have shown that there is strong reason for believing this not to be the case; but if it is the case, this can only be regarded as a strange chance. For we have learned from the study of our earth, that the life-supporting era of a planet is short compared with the duration of the planet's existence. It follows that any time selected at random in the history of a planet is far more likely to belong to one or other of the two lifeless eras, one preceding, the other following the life-supporting era, than to belong to this short era itself. And this present time is time selected at random with reference to any other orb in the universe than our own earth. We are so apt to measure all the operations of nature by our own conceptions of



them, as well in space as in time, that as the solar system presents itself (even now) as the centre of the universe, so this present time, the era of our own life, or of our nation's life, or of the life of man, or of the existence of organic beings on the earth, or, passing yet a grade higher, the era of our earth's existence as a planet, presents itself to us as the central era of *all* time. But what has been shown to be false with respect to space is equally false with respect to time. Men of old thought that the petty region in which they lived was the central spot of all the earth, and the earth the centre of the universe. After this was shown to be false by Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, men clung in turn to the conception that the solar system is central within the universe. The elder Herschel showed that this conception also is false. Even he, however, assigned to the sun a position whence the galaxy might be measured. But it begins to be recognised that this is not so. Nay, not only is the sun no suitable centre whence to measure the stellar system, but the stellar system is for us immeasurable. The galaxy has no centre and no limits; or rather we may say of it what Blaise Pascal said of the universe of space—its centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere. The whole progress of modern science tends to show that we must similarly extend our estimate of time. In former ages each generation was apt to regard its own era as critical in the earth's history, that is, according to their ideas, in the history of the universe itself. Gradually men perceived that no generation of men, no nation, no group of nations, occupies a critical or central position in the history of even the human race upon earth, far less in the history of organic life. We may now pass a step higher, and contemplating the infinity of time, admit that the whole duration of this earth's existence is but as a single pulsation in the mighty life of the universe. Nay, the duration of the solar system is scarcely more. Countless other such systems have passed through all their stages, and have died out, untold ages before the sun and his family began to be formed out of their mighty nebula; countless others will come into being after the life has departed from our system. Nor need we stop at solar systems, since within the infinite universe, without beginning and without end, not suns only, but systems of suns, galaxies of such systems, to higher and higher orders endlessly, have long since passed through all the stages of their existence as systems, or have all those stages yet to pass through. In the presence of time-intervals thus seen to be at once infinitely great and infinitely little—infinately great compared with the duration of our earth, infinitely little by comparison with the eternities amidst which they are lost—what reason can we have for viewing any orb in space from our little earth, and saying *now* is the time when that orb is, like our earth, the abode of life? Why should life on that orb synchronise with life on the earth? Are not, on the contrary, the chances infinitely great against such a coincidence? If, as Helmholtz has well said, the duration of life on our earth is but the minutest "ripple in the infinite ocean of time,"

and the duration of life on any other planet of like minuteness, what reason can we have for supposing that those remote, minute, and no way associated waves of life must needs be abreast of each other on the infinite ocean whose surface they scarcely ripple?

But let us consider the consequences to which we are thus led. Apart from theoretical considerations or observed facts, it is antecedently improbable that any planet selected at random, whether planet of our own system or planet attending on another sun than ours, is at this present time the abode of life. The degree of improbability corresponds to the proportion between the duration of life on a planet, and the duration of the planet's independent existence. We may compare this proportion to that existing between the average lifetime of a man and the duration of the human race. If one person were to select at random the period of a man's life, whether in historic, prehistoric, or future time, and another were to select an epoch equally at random, save only that it fell somewhere within the period of the duration of the human race, we know how exceedingly minute would be the probability that the epoch selected by the second person would fall within the period selected by the first. Correspondingly minute is the *à priori* probability that at this present epoch any planet selected at random is the abode of life. This is not, a mere speculation, but an absolute certainty, if we admit as certain the fact, which scarcely any man of science now questions, that the period during which organic existence is possible on any planet is altogether minute compared with that planet's existence.

The same relation is probably true when we pass to higher systems. Regarding the suns we call "the stars" as members of a sidereal system of unknown extent (but one of innumerable systems of the same order), the chance that any sun selected at random is, like our own sun at the present time, attended by a planetary system in one member of which at least life exists, is exceedingly small, if, as is probable, the life-supporting era of a solar system's existence is very short compared with the independent existence of the system. If the disproportion is of the same order as in the case of a single planet, the probability is of the same order of minuteness. In other words, if we select any star at random, it is as unlikely that the system attending on that sun is at present in the life-bearing stage as a system, as it is that any planet selected at random is at present in the life-bearing stage as a planet. This conclusion, indeed, may be regarded as scarcely less certain than the former, seeing that men of science as little doubt the relative vastness of the periods of our sun's history antecedent to and following his present form of existence as a supporter of life, as they doubt the relative vastness of the periods preceding and following the life-supporting era of any given planet. There is, however, just this element of doubt in the case of the star, that the very fact of the star's existence as a steady source of light and heat implies that the star is in a stage in some degree resembling that through which our own sun is now passing. It may be for instance that the prior stages of solar life are indicated by some degree of nebulousity, and the later

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stages by irregular variations, or by such rapid dying out in brightness as has been observed in many stars. Yet a sun must be very nebulous indeed—that is, must be at a very early stage in its history—for astronomers to be able to detect its nebulosity; and again, a sun may long have ceased to be a life-supporter, before any signs of decadence measurable at our remote station, and with our insignificant available time-intervals for comparison, are manifested.

As to higher orders than systems of suns we cannot speculate, because we have no means of determining the nature of such orders. For instance the arrangement and motions of the only system of suns we know of, the galaxy, are utterly unlike the arrangement and motions of the only system of planets we know of. Quite possibly systems of sun-systems are unlike either galaxies or solar systems in arrangement and motions. But if by some wonderful extension of our perceptive powers, we could recognise the countless millions of systems of galaxies doubtless existing in infinite space, without however being able to ascertain whether the stage through which any one of those systems was passing corresponded to the stage through which our galaxy is at present passing, the probability of life existing anywhere within the limits of a galaxy so selected at random would be of the same order as the probability that life exists either in a planet taken at random, or in a solar system taken at random. For though the number of suns is enormously increased, and still more the number of subordinate orbs like planets (*in posse* or *in esse*), the magnitude of the time-intervals concerned is correspondingly increased. One chance out of a thousand is as good as a thousand chances out of a million, or as a million out of a thousand millions. Whether we turn our thoughts to planet, sun, or galaxy, the law of nature (recognised as universal within the domain as yet examined), that the duration of life in the individual is indefinitely short compared with the duration of the type to which the individual belongs, assures us, or at least renders it highly probable, that in any member of any of these orders taken at random, it is *more probable that life is wanting than that life exists at this present time*. Nevertheless it is at least as probable that *every member of every order—planet, sun, galaxy, systems of galaxy, and so onwards to higher and higher orders endlessly—has been, is now, or will hereafter be, life-supporting “after its kind.”*

In what degree life-supporting worlds, or suns, or systems are at this or any other epoch surpassed in number by those which as yet fulfil no such functions or have long since ceased to fulfil them, it would only be possible to pronounce if we could determine the average degree in which the life-sustaining era of given orbs or systems is surpassed in length by the preceding or following stages. The life-sustaining orbs or systems may be surpassed many thousandfold or many millionfold in number by those as yet lifeless or long since dead, or the disproportion may be much less or much greater. As yet we only know that it must be very great indeed.

But at first sight the views here advanced may appear as repugnant to our ordinary ideas as Whewell's belief that perhaps our earth is the only inhabited orb in the universe. Millions of uninhabited worlds for each orb which sustains life! surely that implies incredible waste! If not waste of matter, since according to the theory every orb sustains life in its turn, yet still a fearful waste of time. To this it may be replied, first that we must take facts as we find them. And, secondly, whether space or matter or time or energy appears to be wasted, we must consider that, after all, space and matter and time and energy are necessarily infinite, so that the portion utilized (according to our conceptions) being a finite portion of the infinite is itself also infinite. Speaking, however, of the subject we are upon, if one only of each million of the orbs in the universe is inhabited, the number of inhabited orbs is nevertheless infinite. Moreover, it must be remembered that our knowledge is far too imperfect for us to be able to assert confidently that space, time, matter, and force, though not utilized according to our conceptions, are therefore necessarily wasted. To the ignorant savage, grain which is planted in a field, instead of being used for food, seems wasted, the wide field seems wasted, the time wasted during which the grain is growing and ripening into harvest; but wiser men know that what looks like waste is in reality a wise economy. In like manner the sun's rays poured on all sides into space so that his circling family receives but the 230 millionth portion, seem, to our imperfect conceptions, almost wholly wasted; but, if our knowledge were increased, we should perhaps form a far different opinion. So it may well be with the questions which perplex us when we contemplate the short duration of the life-sustaining condition of each world and sun and galaxy compared with the whole existence of these several orders. The arrangement which seems so wasteful of space and time and matter and force, may in reality involve the most perfect possible use and employment of every portion of space, every instant of time, every particle of matter, every form of force.

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## Ballad Poetry.

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No student of our poetry can afford to neglect the Ballad, which is at once the earliest and most popular form of singing. The ballad is a lyrical narrative, and the tale told in it, sometimes humorous and lively, but far oftener tragical, is of a direct character and appeals to popular sentiment. The singer, or the reciter (and we must remember that all the old ballads were recited or sung long years before they appeared in print), deals with the primary feelings of the race, with the passions, hopes, and fears in which all can more or less sympathize. Everybody can understand a ballad, and everybody whose taste has not been perverted by training in a false school will enjoy it. The roughness and coarseness—and worse still, the repetition and prolixity—sins common to ballad-mongers—will be tolerated for the sake of the genuine feeling of the singer. The old ballad is the simplest style of poetry we possess, and the charm of it to modern ears lies in its directness, its pathos, its arch quaintness of expression, in the occasional sweetness of the music, in the manly strength of the thought. It has been said that the ballad is the true spring-head of history; with greater truth it may be said that it is the source from whence spring the Drama and the Epic, and it is impossible to study the works of the great English poets without seeing how much they stand indebted to their predecessors the balladists.

It is curious to note how recently the ballads of which we are now so proud came to be regarded as things of worth that merited preservation in a printed form. Many of the ballads of Denmark were collected towards the close of the sixteenth century; the larger number of English ballads lived on without the security of print until the middle of the eighteenth century. That was the age of brilliant satire, of town poetry written by town wits: an age in which polish of expression and an epigrammatic turn of thought were esteemed more highly than the impassioned utterance of natural feeling. The literary fare provided was so richly spiced and so daintily served that men turned with indifference, or even with disgust from homely food served upon plain trenchers. Addison, whose sagacity preserved him (excepting in his own poetry) from the critical errors of the period, ventured indeed to comment on and to praise the fine ballads of "Chevy-Chase" and the "Babes in the Wood," and got laughed at for his pains. Dr. Johnson, who at a later period of the century gave laws to the poetasters of the age, spared no opportunity, as Boswell tells us, to decry the old ballads generally. Bishop Percy, between whom and Johnson, by the way, there was ever a warm friendship, had

too fine a perception of the charm of ballad poetry to have his faith greatly injured by the current belief; but there are indications that even Percy, exquisite though his taste was, did sometimes yield to the pressure of his critical opponents. Nevertheless the work done by Percy is of inestimable value. Not only did he himself possess a genius for this kind of poetry superior in Wordsworth's judgment to that of any other man by whom in modern times it has been cultivated, but he was the first to bring together in a readable form the finest of our English ballads. The result was far more splendid than Percy could have anticipated. Slowly but surely the *Reliques* produced a revolution in English poetry, and the effect of the work upon Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott was so great that it is scarcely an exaggeration to call Percy their poetical father. Walter Scott was a schoolboy when the work fell into his hands. The influence it exercised was magical and it was permanent:—

"I remember well," he writes, "the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge platanus-tree, the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbour. The summer-day sped onward so fast that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety and was found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember was in this instance the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my school-fellows and all who would hearken to me with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time too I could scrape a few shillings together, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently or with half the enthusiasm."

As we go on we shall meet with other instances of indebtedness to Percy, who may be said to have influenced, as no other man of his century has done, the spirit of modern poetry. The literary history of the eighteenth century contains many chapters of singular interest, but there is scarcely a point in it more significant or more strange than the fact that it was, as Mr. Allingham has observed, the epoch of ballad-editing. This return to the old and artless singers of a simpler age was the strongest and wisest protest that could be raised against the artificial style of verse at that time so popular.

No editor can pretend to fix a date for the production of what may justly be called the people's poetry. And not only are the dates generally unknown, but the authors' names are unknown also. Moreover, the fact that the ballads, up to a recent date, had been preserved by oral transmission, accounts for a variety of readings and gives to the modern editor an opportunity for the exercise of his craft. We can trace several of the ballads back to the fifteenth century, but there is every likelihood that they were old ballads then; nor is it possible to discover the origin of a large number of the romantic ballads, since the same subjects have been treated in popular verse by the early poets of Scandinavia and Germany. It has been justly observed that this strong family likeness to ancient



foreign ballads is in itself no bad testimony to the age of ours. Other evidence may be found in incidental allusions to manners and customs, to religious rites and ceremonies which passed away many centuries ago; in statements made by early authors—Sir Philip Sidney, for instance, wrote of “Chevy-Chace” as an old ballad in his day—and sometimes the use of a ballad by an old poet shows to some extent its antiquity. Scattered through the plays of Shakspeare are many lines or stanzas from popular ballads. It was in all probability the ballad of Gernutus that suggested to the dramatist the plot of the *Merchant of Venice*; it was apparently from a ballad also that he gained important hints with regard to the plot of *King Lear*. Three hundred years, however, is comparatively a short life for a ballad, and we may be sure that many of our best pieces of this kind date from an earlier age. But we are as unable to fix the period of these compositions as the Spaniards are to assign a date to their famous ballads. On the introduction of the printing press a few ballads were published, and there is reason to believe that the “Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode” appeared in 1489, and the “Nut-browne Mayde,” which has been modernised and spoilt by Prior, in 1502: these, however, are exceptions to an almost universal rule, and while the poetical ballads were neglected, a number of very inferior productions bearing the name of ballads were issued from the press.

The Old English ballad may be said, therefore, as we have before observed, to have first assumed a place in literature in the eighteenth century. Allan Ramsay—a good though somewhat artificial song-writer, and the well-known author of that delicious pastoral, “The Gentle Shepherd,”—was one of the first to print several ballads in his *Evergreen* and in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. The *Miscellany*, which is by far the more important of the two selections, is, however, chiefly remarkable as a repertory of songs, which Ramsay, in good faith no doubt, dedicates to the ladies, observing that the pieces he has chosen are free from all impropriety. Possibly this might have been true in 1724, for we must not forget that much later in the century refined and modest women read Afra Behn’s novels, and that Dr. Johnson called Prior a lady’s book—but it is certainly not true in 1875; and there are many pieces in Ramsay’s volume which could not be read aloud in any mixed company, and a few which belong to the literature of Holywell Street.

The *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, published in 1765, was of far higher account; but having already expressed the obligation due to Percy from all lovers of the ballad, we will merely add that, in spite of the defects of the plan, which are obvious enough, Professor Aytoun—an admirable judge—does not scruple to rank Percy above his famous countryman, Sir Walter Scott, as an editor of ancient minstrelsy, believing that, “without the same advantages in point of accumulated information, he transcended him in skill.” Scott’s own famous work, the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, appeared at the beginning of this century; and it must never be forgotten that, in the compilation of it, he owed much to

the exhaustless energy of John Leyden—a man who combined with great originality of mind a power of acquisition well-nigh unparalleled. An anecdote told by Scott may be inserted here. It shows what Leyden might have achieved as a ballad-collector, if he had not turned his energy into other channels :—

“An interesting fragment,” says Scott, “had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of what he used to call the *saw-tones* of his voice. It turned out that he had walked between forty and fifty miles and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity.” In the progress of his work, Scott obtained assistance from several persons, among others, from Herd, who had himself published an indifferent selection of Scottish songs and ballads about thirty years previously. Everybody was willing to help Scott, and no one felt a grudge at the literary success of a man so entirely free from vanity, and so modest in his estimate of his own powers. The *Minstrelsy* may be accounted a splendid success, for it contained, in addition to a large amount of interesting information, a great number of ballads never before published, some of these being perhaps among the most valuable we possess. “As to where and how,” observes Mr. Allingham, “Scott got those ballads and versions which were not before in print, and still more in regard to his manipulations, we are generally left in fog.” Yet it would seem that Scott states clearly enough, in his Introduction, the sources from whence he gained his ballad prizes, though he does not give the special history of each separate acquisition. Moreover, he states definitely that “No liberties have been taken, either with the recited or written copies of these ballads, further than that, where they disagree—which is by no means unusual—the editor, in justice to the author, has uniformly preserved what seemed to him the best or most poetical reading of the passage.” He adds, too, that “the utmost care has been taken never to reject a word or phrase used by a reciter, however uncouth or antiquated,” and in spite of the “fog” Mr. Allingham is ready to allow that the ballads have gained very much on the whole from Scott’s treatment, and lost nothing of the least substantial consequence.

Passing over some inferior, although not uninteresting selections made by Buchan, Motherwell, Jamieson, and others, we come to Professor Aytoun’s *Ballads of Scotland*—a book which shows in large measure the judgment and taste of the distinguished editor. The notes are full of

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interest, and the reader who wishes to gain a good deal of information about ballad literature, clearly and pertinently expressed, will do well to read them, and also the introduction. If any one have an insatiable appetite for ballads, whether they be good or bad, and wishes to learn everything that can be said about them, we advise him to obtain a copy of the vast collection made in 1857 by Professor Child, and published in eight volumes at Boston. It is an extraordinary work, the fruit of unwearied toil, and of enthusiastic interest; and so completely has the editor achieved his purpose of producing all the old ballads extant that the honour he has gained is not likely to be snatched from him in the future. The latest selection with which we are acquainted, and one which, since it is published in Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s "Golden Treasury" Series, is likely to attain the widest popularity, is entitled *The Ballad Book*, and is edited by Mr. Allingham, whose poetical fame is established as the author of several charming lyrics. In this little volume the editor has brought together about eighty old ballads, which he has preceded by an elaborate preface, explaining the system on which he has worked. We cannot altogether commend the style of this preface, which contains, as it seems to us, some expressions which might have been advantageously omitted; but Mr. Allingham writes on a subject with which he is thoroughly acquainted, and has much to say which will be new to many readers. His plan has been to leave out modern interpolations, confessed or obvious, and so to collate existing versions as to produce the ballads in a complete and consistent form. In order to do this, however, he has had "to view them by the light of imaginative truth," which we should regard as a rather dangerous process, were it not for the assurance that the stories are essentially unchanged. As far as we have compared these ballads with former versions, we think that in his manipulation Mr. Allingham has exhibited taste and judgment—qualities without which no editor of old ballads can have a chance of success. For there is no perfect text of these poems which can be safely followed, but the editor is generally forced to compare several versions, and to gather from each the stanzas which seem most worthy of preservation.

And now, having made these cursory remarks about English and Scottish ballads and ballad editors, let us turn to the poems themselves, and note a few characteristics that belong to them as a class. One striking feature is the tragic character of many of the pieces. The ballad-writer delighted in horrors, and it may be said, without much exaggeration, that a track of blood is visible over the wide field of ballad poetry. In the most popular and in the least known ballads this red line is visible. In the admirable poem, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," a quarrel over the wine leads to a challenge between a man and his brothers-in-law. At the meeting place, on the bonnie banks o' Yarrow, nine armed men attack him, and he declares that, however unequal the contest, he will fight them all—

Two has he hurt and three has slain  
 On the bloody braes o' Yarrow,  
 But the stubborn knight crept in behind  
 And pierced his body thorough.

His wife, meanwhile, has dreamt an ominous dream, and her brother gives as the reading of it that her husband is killed on Yarrow :—

She's torn the ribbons frae her head,  
 That were baith braid and narrow ;  
 She's kilted up her lang claiting,  
 And she's awa to Yarrow.

She's ta'en him in her armes twa,  
 And gien him kisses thorough,  
 And wi' her tears has washed his wounds  
 On the dowie banks o' Yarrow.

She kiss'd his lips, she kaim'd his hair,  
 As aft she had dune before, O ;  
 And there wi' grief her heart did break,  
 Upon the banks o' Yarrow.

Here, as elsewhere, whatever is done is done completely ; there are no half measures. The wound is thorough, so are the kisses, and so is the wife's grief, for it breaks her heart. In "Binnorie," a singularly striking ballad, two sisters are courted by one knight, and the eldest, jealous of his love for her sister, calling her to the river-side, suddenly pushes her in, and she is drowned by the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie. A harper passing by sees the sweet pale face, makes a harp of her breast-bone and strings of her yellow hair, and bringing the harp to her father's hall, lays it upon a stone, whereupon, after the fashion of certain modern instruments, it begins playing alone, and concludes with singing, "as plain as plain could be,"

There sits my sister who drownèd me  
 By the bonnie mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The story of Edom O'Gordon gives a vivid picture of domestic warfare in a barbarous age. Edom attacks a castle in the absence of its lord, wishing to gain the lady for his prize, and in his rage at her resistance sets fire to the place, and burns up all the people in it, excepting one young girl, who is let down over the wall only to fall on the point of Gordon's spear :—

O, bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,  
 And cherry were her cheeks,  
 And clear, clear was her yellow hair,  
 Whereon the red blood dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turns her owre ;  
 O gin her face was wan !  
 He said, "Ye are the first that e'er  
 I wished alive again."

He cam, and lookit again at her;  
 O gin her face was white !  
 " I might hae spared that bonnie face  
 To hae been some man's delight.

' Busk and boun, my merry men a',  
 For ill dooms, I do guess ;—  
 I cannot look on that bonnie face  
 As it lies on the grass."

Sad, too, and beautiful as sad, is the ballad of "Fair Annie of Loch-  
 rohan," who sails to her lover's castle, and is refused admittance by his  
 mother, speaking as in her son's name, upon which fair Annie, setting sail  
 again, is drowned, and her body brought across the foam to Lord Gregory,  
 who, having learnt his mother's treachery, had hastened, but too late, to  
 the shore :—

And syne he kissed her on the cheek,  
 And kissed her on the chin ;  
 And syne he kissed her on the mouth,  
 But there was nae breath within.

" O, wae betide my mother !  
 An ill death may she dee !  
 She turned my true love frae my door,  
 Who cam sae far to me !"

The ballad of "Willie and May Margaret" has a like tale to tell of  
 a mother's treachery, but in this story the tragic incident is reversed ; the  
 young man comes to seek his love, and on her refusing, as he supposes,  
 to open the door, he rides back again through the stormy flood and is  
 drowned, just as May Margaret, having dreamed her lover was at the  
 gate, wakes out of her heavy sleep, and calls to her mother to read her  
 dream. The mother confesses that Willie had been at the gates half an  
 hour before. Out runs Margaret into the night towards Clyde's water, the  
 strength of which would drown five hundred men ; in she steps, free and  
 bold, but not until she has waded to the chin does she find the dead body  
 of her lover :—

'Twas a whirlin' pot of Clyde's water  
 She got sweet Willie in.

" O, ye've had a cruel mither, Willie !  
 And I have had anither ;  
 But we shall sleep in Clyde's water,  
 Like sister and like brither."

When the water o' Clyde left roaring,  
 And the sun shone warm and fair,  
 They found these two in each ither's arms  
 Like lovers true as they were.

Mothers, by the way, are generally evil-doers in the eyes of ballad-  
 writers, and terrible are the pains said to await them in consequence.  
 Women, too, in many cases, are far from possessing the gentler virtues of

their sex. Robin Hood, it will be remembered, owed his death to an act as treacherous as that ascribed to Jael. It was a Jew's daughter who wiled little Sir Hugh of Lincoln into her chamber, tied his hands and feet, pierced him with a knife, caught his heart's blood in a golden cup, and cast his body into a well. It was a woman—she is known as fair Catherine in the ballad—who invited her fickle lover, young Redin, to spend the night with her, “birded” him with ale and wine, and killed him in his sleep. It was a woman who let Lammikin into the castle, in order that he might kill Lord Weare's wife and infant son; and we read with the highest satisfaction that she suffered at the stake for her crime. One might wish the same punishment had been inflicted on the Baroness of Brackley, who urges her husband to fight, knowing he must be killed, and afterwards welcomes the men who had slain him; and on Lord Ronald's lady love, who poisoned him at dinner:—

Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Ronald, my son ?  
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man ?  
I dined wi' my love ; mither, make my bed soon,  
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain would lie down.

O, I fear ye are poison'd, Lord Ronald, my son !  
O, I fear ye are poison'd, my handsome young man !  
O, yes ! I am poison'd ! Mither, make my bed soon !  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down.\*

The old ballads, in short, abound in acts of barbarous cruelty, in unnatural crimes, and pitiful positions. Some of the plots are indeed so repulsive that an editor, who, like Mr. Allingham, caters for general readers, is forced to omit several pieces altogether, which would otherwise be worthy of a place in his selection. The nature exhibited in these poems is the nature belonging to a turbulent, unsettled time, when lust knew no refinements, and warfare no moderation; when brutal passions and brutal cruelty were unrestrained by law, and when the people's poets uttered what they had to say in the plainest language they could use. It may be true, as Mr. Matthew Arnold observes, that ballad metres are unfitted to express the higher tones of poetical thought and feeling; but they are exactly fitted for verse that is intended to be recited or sung before an audience unaccustomed to suppress emotion or to conceal the coarse and painful facts of life behind ambiguous phrases.

The late Alexander Smith declared that it was impossible to imitate the ancient ballad. “There is no modern attempt,” he writes, “which could by any chance or possibility be mistaken for an original. You read the date upon it as legibly as upon the letter you received yesterday. However dexterous the workman, he is discovered—a word blabs, the turn

\* The poisoning art was but too familiar in those rude days, and is frequently referred to by the ballad-writers. In that delightful collection of ancient German songs and ballads, *Das Kaaben Wunderhorn*, there is a significant poem of this kind, entitled, “Grossmutter Schlangenköchin.”



of a phrase betrays him." This is expressed a little too strongly, for imitations of old ballads have deceived before now men of high cultivation, if not of fine critical discernment; and it is a remarkable proof of this that the Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, testified to their belief in the antiquity of "Hardyknute" by contributing to the expense of publishing the first edition in folio. The deception practised by Lady Wardlaw led Dr. Robert Chambers, in his old age, to suspect that that lady, who died in 1727, was the author of a large number of our finest ballads; but his argument will not bear examination: not only is "Hardyknute," Lady Wardlaw's acknowledged production, a feeble poem, and as inferior to the ballads ascribed to her as Mr. Tupper's proverbial sayings are inferior to Solomon's, but when the ballad is carefully examined, several marks will be found that distinguish it from the simpler and more powerful workmanship of an earlier age. Indeed, the "Lady Wardlaw Heresy," as it has been called, has been so thoroughly exposed by Mr. Clyne and other writers, that it will suffice to have alluded to it thus briefly. The temporary interest caused by the controversy fifteen years ago is not likely to be revived.

But if it be well nigh impossible so to imitate the old ballad as to escape detection, the spirit that inspired the minstrels who sang or recited their verses several centuries ago, and touched the people's heart in doing so, has survived to these modern days.

One of the worst instances we remember of a fine old ballad being transformed into a modern shape, is the version of the "Nut-browne Mayde," produced by Prior under the title of "Henry and Emma." Prior is a splendid epigrammatist, his occasional verses sparkle with wit, he is the Tom Moore of the eighteenth century, and much of his poetry is delightful for its ease and abandon; but Prior, like most of the poets of his time, was too much of the town wit to appreciate the natural charms of ballad poetry. Therefore, in his poem "written upon the Model of the Nut-browne Mayde," Venus and Cupid, Cynthia and Mars, play their part, as in most of the artificial poetry of that age: Henry invokes Jove, and Emma calls upon "potent Venus" and her son, to attest the fervency of her affection. The whole piece is written in a stilted, grandiloquent style, and we agree heartily with the verdict of Dr. Johnson, that it is "a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man, nor tenderness for the woman." Goldsmith's nature was more fitted for appreciating the simplicity and directness of ballad poetry, and his "Hermit," published in the same year with the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, will compare not unfavourably with Percy's "Friar of Orders Grey." Mallet's ballad of "Margaret's Ghost," which was published in 1724 in the *Plain Dealer*, and translated into Latin verse by Vincent Bourne, is called by Ritson one of the finest ballads that was ever written. We cannot accept this criticism. The artificial character of some of the lines is ill adapted to the simplicity of ballad poetry: in the following stanza, for instance —

This is the dark and dreary hour,  
When injured ghosts complain,  
Now yawning graves give up their dead  
To haunt the faithless swain,

a commonplace thought is expressed in the conventional diction of the period. The modern poem was probably suggested by the fine old ballad, "Sweet William's Ghost," but we do not think it can be compared with the original. In that "terrific old Scottish tale," as Walter Scott termed it, Margaret follows the restless spirit through the long winter night until she reaches the churchyard. Her question, on arriving there, and the answer she received, are strangely pathetic :

Is there any room at your head, Willy ?  
Or any room at your feet ?  
Or any room at your side, Willy,  
Wherein that I may creep ?

There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,  
There's no room at my feet,  
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,  
My coffin is made so meet.

Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, was a young man when Percy's book appeared, and like many of the poetasters of the day tried his hand at the ballad. One of his pieces is still remembered, since it delighted the "immature taste" of Sir Walter Scott, and suggested, in all probability, the noble romance of Kenilworth. Scott wished to call the novel, like the ballad, *Cumnor Hall*, but in deference to the wishes of his publisher substituted the present title. The first stanza, Scott wrote in old age, had a peculiar species of enchantment for his youthful ear, "the force of which is not even now entirely spent."

The dews of summer night did fall;  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Grainger, who wrote a long and wearisome poem in blank verse on "The Sugar Cane," was the intimate friend of Percy; and to this friendship we owe the "exquisite ballad," as Mr. Forster calls it, of "Bryan and Pereene." It is a mournful ditty enough, and so far is in strict accordance with the tragic spirit which pervades our old ballad poetry. Bryan, after being absent for more than a year from his lady love, a West-Indian, leaps into the water as his ship approaches the land, in order to reach her arms the sooner. The lady displays a handkerchief he had left her on parting, and as he approaches the shore—

Then through the white surf did she haste,  
To clasp her lovely swain ;  
When, ah ! a shark bit through his waist ;  
His heart's blood dyed the main.

At seeing which the lady of course gives up the ghost also, as is but fitting under such circumstances. The ballad is no doubt intended to be

infinitely affecting, but we confess that it does not affect us, which is owing perhaps to the commonplace diction in which the pitiful event is recounted. The lady with her raven hair, her cheeks decked with dewy rosebuds, her eyes shining like diamonds, and dressed in her best array of sea-green silk, seems to us scarcely more lifelike than one of the lady dummies which may be seen sitting in the windows of a West-End tailor, and the "lovely swain" himself, although too good perhaps to make a meal for a shark, is but a poor hero for a ballad.

But the most popular ballad produced in the last century—a ballad still familiar to every schoolboy—is Cowper's "John Gilpin." There never was a more successful production. It attained its reputation at a stride. Henderson, the actor, recited it to a crowded audience at Freemasons' Hall; it was printed in ballad form to be sold or sung in the streets; artists innumerable illustrated Gilpin's doughty deeds of horsemanship; and wherever the English language is spoken, that poem is still the delight of all readers, young or old. "The ballad," wrote Cowper, "is a sort of composition I was ever fond of, and if graver matters had not called me another way, I should have addicted myself to it more than to any other." Some of his earliest attempts at verse-making were in this direction, for when quite a young man he produced, as he tells us, "several halfpenny ballads, two or three of which had the honour to be popular." And here we may remind the reader, in passing, that Cowper's German contemporary, Gottfried Bürger, catching his inspiration from the study of Percy's *Reliques*, which were published when he was a youth of seventeen, gained the best part of his fame as a ballad-writer, and that some of the most exquisite productions of Germany's principal poets, Schiller and Goethe, appear in the ballad form.

Contemporaneously in England and in Germany there was a revolt against the artificial school of poetry and a return to the simplicity of earlier times, and it would be interesting to point out, if we had space for such an exposition, how the poets of the two countries acted and re-acted upon each other. This, at least, may be said with truth, that almost every poet, whether English or German, who flourished at the close of last century, or in the early years of this century, shows a profound sympathy with the feeling that gives life to the old ballads. In our country this sympathy directed the poetical course of Scott, dominated the genius of Coleridge and of Wordsworth, influenced in a considerable measure the rhythmical efforts of Southey, and moved with a secret but irresistible force many a smaller poet, who, if there were still, as in days of the troubadours, a minstrel college, would be entitled to a certificate of merit.

Of all modern writers, Scott retains, we think, in the largest degree, the force and picturesqueness of style which distinguish the old minstrels. His description of Flodden Field, while exhibiting an artistic skill unknown in earlier times, has the spirit and movement, the directness and heartiness, which delight us in the balladists, and, as a writer in the *Times* has

lately remarked, his "Bonnie Dundee" is, of all Jacobite ballads, "one of the most spirited and soul-stirring." In "Young Lochinvar," a modern version of an old story, Scott gives another fine specimen of rapid and vigorous narrative which would have delighted the wandering singers of an earlier age. Lord Macaulay too, caught with singular felicity the strain of the ballad singers, and there is not a schoolboy in England who has not read, we had almost said who cannot recite, "The Battle of Naseby," or the glorious story of

How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

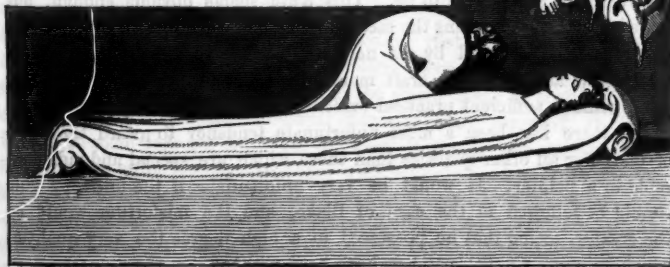
And in some of the poets who have lately passed away, as well as in others who are happily still able to receive our love and homage, there are similar signs of affection for the ballad. Mrs. Browning displays them frequently, although it must be acknowledged that the high effort exhibited in her verse is generally opposed to the directness and simplicity demanded from the balladist. Mr. Browning is never more picturesque, more vigorous, more able to stir the pulses, than when he surrenders himself to the emotion of the ballad. Truly says a writer in the *Spectator*, that Mr. Browning's ballads are among his most spirited poems. "They throb with a keen, sharp pulse of tense energy and excitement, which makes the eye and heart of his readers converge on the one point of sight of his narrative, and never dare to withdraw themselves till that point is reached." These ballads are by no means the finest works produced by the poet, but they are the most popular, and even persons who obstinately refuse to admire Mr. Browning's poetry will do justice to "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," and to the noble story of "The Breton Pirate, Hervé Riel," which appeared in the *Cornhill* about four years ago. The Poet Laureate, too, has given us some charming examples of what a writer of the highest culture and of exquisite taste can produce in this direction. So have Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Kingsley, the late Sidney Dobell, and other poets, who are all more or less indebted to the ballad-singers of earlier days.

There is a mighty difference, of course, between the ballad of literary culture and the ballad produced in an untutored period, but the "one touch of nature" makes the resemblance stronger than the diversity; and no one who reads Lady Anne Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray," or Mr. Rossetti's "Stratton Water," can doubt that the inspiration which gave birth to the rude minstrelsy of a rude age is as potent as ever. Indeed, it would be possible to make a charming selection of ballads—Mr. Palgrave would call them "ballads in court dress"—dating from the beginning of the century, and among them might be included a number of humorous pieces from the pen of Mr. Thackeray and other well-known writers, which would impart a raucous flavour to the volume. The element of humour is rarely perceptible in the old ballad, but in the ballad produced by men of letters it is a frequent characteristic, and many an admirable specimen is to be met with in the recent literature both of England and of America.

J. D.

# William Blake.

THERE is a too common impression even among those who wish to admire Blake's powers of imagination that he proceeded in his work without the practical knowledge and training which even less inspired artists are supposed to possess. The fruitless question as to whether he was or was not mad has been thrust into such undeserved prominence that little thought has been bestowed upon the strong element of common sense in his nature, and the fact that he combined with a great invention remarkable critical powers has not been widely recognised. Blake, in his lifetime, was always specially resentful of any imputation against his fame as a practical workman, or his judgment as a student of art. In one of his marginal notes to Reynolds's *Discourses* he lays down the rule that "Execution is the chariot of genius," and again he says: "Invention depends altogether upon execution or organisation. As that is right or wrong, so is the invention perfect or imperfect. Michael Angelo's art depends on



Michael Angelo's execution altogether." And in the public address which Blake intended to accompany the engraving of the Canterbury Pilgrims, he declares, in reply to those who would admit the excellence of his ideas in art, but deny his powers of expression: "I am, like others, just equal in invention and execution, as my works show;" and further he adds, "A man who pretends to improve fine art does not know what fine art is. Ye English engravers must come down from your high flights; ye must condescend to study Marc Antonio and Albert Dürer; ye must begin before ye attempt to finish or improve, and when you have begun you will know better than to think of improving what cannot be improved." To any student of Blake there is, however, need of no quotation from his written opinions to establish the conclusion that he laboured with a constant reference to the possibilities and the means of expression. As an artist, no man's vision was ever more definite in its form; and if there is one special gift which distinguishes him clearly from other and lesser men, it is his power of finding for every sublime thought a corresponding and precise image in the language of art. Of this gift, in so far as it affected his invention, more remains to be said, but it is noticeable here for the sternly practical direction given by it to all his thought and all his work. Blake was from the beginning as close a student of the technical parts of his craft as of its imaginative capabilities. He was a keen and even a severe critic of excellence in workmanship, a diligent observer of all forms of executive mastery in which he had any belief, and his fiercest onslaughts on the works of other painters, ancient or modern, are commonly grounded upon defects of expressional power.

There is good cause for insisting upon Blake's powers as a practical artist, and for testing his work by the severe rules he himself laid down. In the first place, this is the only test by which a painter can be finally adjudged worthy of enduring fame. The gift of vision divorced from adequate means of expression may perhaps be proved satisfactorily to the friends of a poet or a painter, but it can have but small significance for posterity. Those who have never known the man can only care to know of his name in connection with an achievement of worth in itself, and therefore Blake's place among painters or among poets must be just what his work now proves him to be. This truth seems obvious enough, but there nevertheless remains the fact that English art, if not English poetry, has repeatedly suffered by its neglect. Men have been admitted to a certain reputation in their craft merely from the accepted belief in their gifts, without sufficient practical evidence; and in English painting especially, there has been a most unfortunate tendency to award the prize of merit for all other qualities than those which are special and indispensable to a painter. It would be very unfortunate if the unhappy rule should be followed in the case of Blake, and the misfortune would be the greater, seeing that he possessed in a high degree the very qualities which so many English painters have been without.



I have said that Blake himself was always fully alive to the kind of skill and training needed for a painter, and it may be worth while to consider for a moment the opinions he held in relation to this subject, in order that we may see how far he practically satisfied the stringent rules there laid down. In whatever else he may lie open to the charge of obscurity, Blake was certainly no vague theorist in the matter of art. His criticisms are always precise, and expressed in terms of assurance. They are never the views of a man who has merely reasoned about art as a philosophical abstraction, or who has stated conclusions without reference to positive examples. The general principles, when they appear, are borne directly from the contemplation of actual masterpieces, and when there is found an obvious fallacy in expression, it is for the most part to be explained from the fact that the painter has substituted an image for an argument. He has made an individual truth, intensely perceived, do duty for a universal law, and has transported the results of experience and actual study into the language of criticism, without taking full account of special and modifying circumstances. This merit and defect of Blake's philosophy can nowhere be so clearly seen as in his marginal notes to Reynolds's *Discourses*. The sum of Blake's opposition to the opinions of Reynolds may be stated as a protest of a practical artist against the vague generalisations of a philosopher. Putting aside the vices of violent phraseology, which do not destroy, although they often darken, the commentator's counsel, this is the effect of his criticism. If Reynolds had written in the same spirit as Blake criticised, if he had spoken of his own creed and practice as an artist, and not of a kind of art beyond his experience, the *Discourses* would have been considerably limited in scope, but perhaps increased in value. As it was, he spoke as a philosopher, and his critic as a painter; and if the judge of both is to decide with candour, it must be confessed that the amiable generalities of the President of the Academy are very often shattered by Blake's simple record of practical study. Truth is, that in dealing with such men as Michael Angelo and Raphael, Blake touched a theme wherein he had something more than admiration to offer. He had not approached these men as his rival has done, only for distant praise and rather solemn worship. He had been a student as well as a worshipper, and to him their art was an object of imitation as well as a subject of praise. Blake not only confessed their grandeur of style, but had also something to say of the source of the beauty that Reynolds was content to perceive and then let go. The latter carried away a splendid impression of power, but Blake bore in his mind the entire image of their art, with outline firmly stamped, and individual character clearly recorded. He knew that these men were not only good for what Reynolds had allowed them, but for much more besides; that they were not only great inventors in art, but great executants; and that they possessed subtlety and refinement in workmanship, as well as nobility in imagination. Feeling these truths intensely, the bland impartiality with which Reynolds distributes prizes for different qualities among the various schools is altogether intolerable to

Blake. "Why," he exclaims indignantly in one place, "are we to be told that masters who could think had not the judgment to perform the inferior parts of art? (as Reynolds artfully calls them); that we are to learn to think from great masters and to perform from underlings—to learn to design from Raphael and to execute from Rubens?" And when Reynolds implies that Michael Angelo was without "the lesser elegancies and graces in the art," Blake is still more indignant. "Can any man be such a fool," he asks, "as to believe that Raphael and Michael Angelo were incapable of the mere language of art, and that such idiots as Rubens, Correggio, and Titian knew how to execute what they could not think or invent?" In other places we find that Blake is equally intolerant of praise given for imagination in art without executive power, as of any depreciation of the executive excellence of great inventors. When Reynolds declares it to be the duty of the painter, "instead of amusing mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations," to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas, Blake breaks in with the practical criticism, "Without minute neatness of execution, the sublime cannot exist; grandeur of ideas is founded on precision of ideas."

If then these often fiercely worded comments are accepted as the protest of a practical artist vexed by amiable generalities, their meaning will appear more consistent and their violence more accountable. Art and imagination were things of such reality and certainty to Blake, that all vapid philosophy upon them seemed to him idle and mischievous. The whole duty of a painter, whether in invention or workmanship, was a matter of deeply practical moment to him; sublime designs had an existence in his eyes more real than the commonest reality; the character and expression of ideal figures were familiar as the faces of friends, and therefore any attempt to transport these distinct images into abstract propositions was what he could neither pardon nor understand. But the notes to the *Discourses* are not the only material out of which we may construct Blake's artistic creed. The Descriptive Catalogue and the Public Address already referred to contain much penetrating criticism, and scattered through the few letters that remain to us are some stray sentences on art which help to an understanding of Blake's position. The whole of Blake's faith in art depends on two propositions apparently contradictory. By the first article of his creed he clearly separates art from nature, and by the second he gives to the images of art a perfect and precise reality. But the antagonism between these propositions does not go very deep. To Blake the creatures of imagination were often nearer than the people of the actual world. When he conceived a design, it was in completeness; the faces possessed individuality, the forms a distinct outline, and the scene thus impressed upon his vision was in truth the reality from which he copied. Other artists may transport the figures of actual men and women into the world of art, giving at each step the necessary beauty for the higher life of the imagination; but Blake faithfully copied his inventions. The observation and imitation of

nature was with him a foregone and unconscious process, and when natural forms reappeared in his brain they were already endowed with the added qualities of beauty. A less intense vision could not have held the shadow fixed and stable, but Blake dwelt always among his own inventions, and was able to keep them before him as another man might keep a model in his painting room. Remembering this, we may understand the second article of Blake's creed, in which he so strongly insists upon clearness and decision in execution. In a memorable passage of the Descriptive Catalogue he says: "The great and golden rule of art, as well as of life, is this: That the more distinct, sharp, and wiry the bounding line, the more perfect the work of art; and the less keen and sharp, the greater is the evidence of weak imitation, plagiarism, and bungling. Great inventors in all ages knew this; Protogenes and Apelles knew each other by this line. Raphael and Michael Angelo and Albert Dürer are known by this and this alone. The want of this determinate and bounding form evidences the idea of want in the artist's mind, and the presence of the plagiarist in all its branches." And side by side with this demand for precise expression must be remarked Blake's constant claim for minute distinction as well as for force of character in ideal art. "Passion and expression," he says in one place, "is Beauty itself; the face that is incapable of passion and expression is deformity itself. Let it be painted and patched and praised and advertised for ever, it will only be admired by fools." These opinions of Blake, his belief in the superiority of vision over reality, and his contention that the objects of imagination could be copied with the fidelity and the minuteness of actual nature, are constantly repeated in his writings with the strongest emphasis and the deepest conviction. As a canon of art criticism, Blake's belief suggests one remark; it is fitted to judge of only one, and that the highest, style in painting. His study here, as in poetry, was never directed to anything but the highest, and his criticism as well as his practice must be tested by a reference to the noblest examples of human invention. And this fact that his taste and his judgment were concerned only with the sublime forms of art, or with the simplicity which is at once companion and complement to what is sublime, explains in great part his unconditional condemnation of men outside of either category. His criticism of the Venetians and of Rubens has just this value and no more. It is not an appreciation of the art of these men on its merits, but a bare indication that neither Venetian nor Flemish painters aspired to the highest kind of invention in art, or the noblest and most severe style in execution.

Having set forth at the outset Blake's belief about painting, we shall be in a better position to judge of his own achievement. Blake had no double identity. The truths he held as a critic, he also sought to embody in practice: they were in fact the direct results of practice and study, and for this reason they form the fairest as well as the highest standard by which to judge of his work. But before proceeding to a consideration of the designs, it may be worth while to see how far Blake was fitted by early

training for the noble artistic duties he afterwards undertook. For the facts of his life all later students are of course deeply indebted to Mr. Gilchrist, but for the beginnings of the artist's career Mr. Gilchrist himself is indebted to a little book called "A Father's Memoirs of a Child," written by Mr. Malkin, and published in 1806. Blake designed and engraved a very beautiful frontispiece to the volume, and, in the Introduction, the author sets down some account of the painter's early life, gleaned as he tells us from Blake's own lips. In very many respects the circumstances of his boyhood were certainly favourable to his artistic education. His father seems to have both recognised, and, by every means in his power, encouraged the boy's quickly pronounced talent, and in 1767, when he was just ten years of age, William Blake was sent to a drawing school in the Strand, kept by a certain Mr. Pars. This was the accepted preparatory school of the time, and the fact that Pars had been a chaser, and the son of a chaser, probably so far influenced his teaching as to encourage in Blake that love of precision and exactness in workmanship which is a constant quality of his designs. The intelligent hosier, whom Malkin not unjustly terms an "indulgent parent," was not content with merely supplying his boy with the rudiments of his craft. He purchased for him several casts of the masterpieces of antique sculpture for home study, and supplied him with money, with which Blake made for himself a collection of rare prints. The boy from the earliest years was wont to frequent the art sale rooms, and to choose out for himself, according to his own taste, the engravings of Marc Antonio and Albert Dürer, and such prints after Michael Angelo as he could obtain. Many men have been driven to acquire in late life the technical knowledge of their craft; but Blake was confronted with the practical problems of art almost before his invention had time to shape itself. He got into close contact with the great works of style at once, and it is probable that with such a vigorous imagination as he possessed nothing could have been better than this early imitation of Italian art and antique sculpture. "Servile copying," as he himself has said, "is the great merit of copying," and we may imagine with what conscientious fidelity he drew and copied the plaster figures in Mr. Pars's school. This preliminary study of drawing lasted for four years. At the end of that time Blake entered upon the study of another important branch of his craft, and was apprenticed to the engraver Basire, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Mr. Gilchrist seems to speak with some regret of this step in the artist's progress, as if the study of engraving were partly degrading to Blake's high genius, and as if his dreams of greatness in his art were thus at the outset checked and thwarted by untoward circumstances. "Thus it was decided," he says, "for the future designer that he should enter the, to him, enchanted domain of art by a back-door as it were." There is more than a doubt whether Blake himself would have appreciated any such feeling on his behalf, or whether the regret is really well founded. It is necessary to repeat that Blake was at no time inclined to regard art as a sort of fairy palace to be entered by way of the affections; to him it was

always a severely practical realm requiring practical effort and knowledge; and from the splendid use which he made of engraving in later life, it is very evident that he was far from holding the craft of inferior dignity.

Apprenticeship with Basire having ended, Blake at the age of twenty-one proceeded to the Royal Academy. The young artist did not enter the newly formed school without a full understanding of what he wanted to learn. We have an anecdote from his own lips proving that the taste he had previously formed for himself here stood him in good stead, for the fashion of the time had set towards a style of execution that was altogether unfitted for Blake's great gifts of imaginative invention. "I was once," he tells us in his notes to Reynolds, "looking over the prints from Raffaele and Michael Angelo in the Library of the Royal Academy. Moser (the keeper of the Academy) came to me and said—'You should not study these old hard, stiff, and dry, unfinished works of art; stay a little and I will show you what you should study.' He then went and took down Le Brun and Rubens' Galleries. How did I secretly rage! I also spoke my mind! I said to Moser, 'These things that you call finished are not even begun: how then can they be finished? The man who does not know the beginning cannot know the end of art.' " Here the critic who seeks such an opportunity may possibly enter a reproof against Blake's confident and sometimes arrogant mode of expressing himself; and to those who feel the necessity of this reproof, the opportunity may often recur. But it must be remembered that Blake's arrogance is not by any means the blustering of a man uncertain of his faith. In that strange and remarkable poem called the "Everlasting Gospel," he says, "Humility is only doubt," and of this kind of humility Blake certainly possessed very little. About art in particular he held no opinion that could be interpreted as mere conjecture. For right or wrong he was always quite clear to himself as to the kind of excellence he wished to praise or the sort of fault he deemed intolerable; and for us who have to consider Blake chiefly as a practising artist, it is more important to discover whether his judgment was in itself valuable than to dwell overmuch upon a want of snavity in verbal expression. Mr. Dante Rossetti, one of Blake's admirers, who has combined in the highest degree sympathetic understanding with impartial judgment, has ranked some of Blake's comments on painting and poetry "among the very best things ever said on either subject," and it would be difficult for anyone who has carefully studied this side of Blake's genius to dispute the conclusion. But in his studies at the Academy Blake was employed in more important labour than arguing points of taste with his "superiors." There, for the first time in a systematic way, he studied from the life. I say in a systematic way, because there can be little doubt that from the first Blake copied diligently whatever came in his way. In his notes to Reynolds we are told that "no one can ever design till he has learned the language of art by making many finished copies both of nature and art, and of whatever comes in his way from earliest childhood." But in the Academy school he had, for the first



time, an opportunity of studying from the living model, and this fact therefore deserves to be noted as of importance in the progress of his artistic training.

With his attendance at the Academy, Blake's education in the narrower sense of the term is to be considered complete. Henceforth he is left to the direction of his own genius, with such influences as necessity or individual study might chance to bring. Necessity, because Blake, during his life, was compelled to earn his livelihood by engraving from the works of others, and it must have been that contact with their inferior style exercised a certain effect upon the artist, an effect for the most part taking shape in violent and uncompromising revolt. We pass now, however, from this brief record of his technical resources to the designs that gave them exercise; and here at the outset we must take notice of the comparatively small extent of the material that has hitherto been accessible to the student. It has often been urged by way of complaint that the public is insensible to the grandeur and the charm of his design, but as a fact the public has had very little opportunity of expressing itself upon the matter, either for good or evil. It would be very interesting if some body of influence,—say for instance, the Burlington Fine Arts Club,—were to do for Blake what has been done for other men of genius, and what Blake could not at any time do for himself. A selection of Blake's works carefully made would establish the existence in English art of unsuspected gifts, both of imagination and executive power, and would take the artist at once out of the category of petted and pampered genius, and firmly establish his fame as a great workman endowed with superior skill as well as divine ideas. At the present time perhaps the best known of Blake's works are the designs to the Book of Job, and the illustrations to Blair's Grave. In the British Museum we find also a fine collection of the printed books, the engravings to Dante, and a few isolated drawings of rare merit. But two volumes have lately come to light which must in some respects take rank as the most important existing witness to Blake's extraordinary powers in art. Last year an advertisement appeared in the *Athenæum* for the sale of a copy of "Young's Night Thoughts," with illustrations by William Blake. The announcement was not prominently made, and attracted at the time little attention, even among the admirers of the painter. The book was in Yorkshire, and was difficult of access, and for a little while the matter dropped almost out of sight. Subsequently, however, the owner brought his treasure to London, and for some weeks it was lodged in the shop of a bookseller in Oxford Street, and its existence, as an interesting relic of Blake's manner of illustration, was duly noted in one of the weekly journals. We may add that the work is still in London, and its contents are already familiar to a few lovers of Blake's art.

In the fifteenth chapter of the Life Mr. Gilchrist refers to the illustrations to Young's poem, but only to the engraved and published plates. These were forty-three in number, extending only to the fourth night of the tedious



series, and they were published by Edwards, of New Bond Street, in 1797. But neither the biographer nor Mr. William Rossetti, who compiled the catalogue of Blake's works, appears to have been aware of the existence of the designs to which we now draw attention. In place of the incomplete series of forty-three engravings, somewhat cold and thin in effect, we have now five hundred and thirty-seven original designs, drawn and coloured by Blake's own hand. The whole poem is here passed under the artist's strange process of interpretation; and it was from this complete work, executed about 1794 for Edwards, that the published selection was afterwards made. A uniform method of illustration is observed throughout the whole poem. In the centre of a large sheet of drawing paper, 16½ in. by 18, the text of a folio edition of Young is inlaid, and around the text the design is distributed according to the fancy and judgment of the painter. As a sample of Blake's genius the work is for several reasons of unique importance. It gives expression to his gift of colour as well as to his powers of design, and it retains the purely decorative quality which from the first had always had a fascination for the painter. In the Songs of Innocence and Experience the text and the illustration unite for a single effect; both are the work of the painter's hand, and by many a skilful and delicate touch the engraved words are linked with the flowers and figures that surround them, until they too appear a growth of art, and not merely an intellectual symbol. The process, as it was followed in these songs, was appropriate only in dealing with small spaces, and where the imaginative sense of the designs could be made subordinate to their decorative character. The delicate elaboration by which every corner of the page left unoccupied by the writing is filled at once with curving flame that branches inwards from the margin, or by some floating form of angel broken away from a graceful tree, that shoots up by the side of the text, and whose boughs are still populous with angel forms, would not serve and would not be possible on a larger scale, where the illustration itself becomes a thing of independent intellectual effort working in obedience to its own laws of design. But although this earlier and richly ornamental system was not practicable in the case of the "Night Thoughts," Blake still managed to satisfy his constant desire for decorative effect. The text is not linked with the drawing, but the space occupied by the text forms a part of the scheme of illustration. In every case the design is conceived and conducted in relation to this space, and both in the distribution of the figures and in the arrangement of colour the effect of this square island of print is duly considered. Thus it will be seen that Blake did set himself really to illustrate these two folio volumes, and the way in which he proceeded was to make each page a thing of beauty in itself. Before we have time to consider the fitness of the picture in an intellectual sense, we are forced to acknowledge the harmonious effect of the page. And judging the work only from this point of view, taking it merely as an attempt to render the leaves of a volume lovely with varied colour and intricate pattern, there is another distinction to be

noted which separates the illustrations from the earlier efforts of the artist. In the Songs the page is full; the hand of the artist has travelled all over it, enriching every corner with ornament, and leaving the whole surface brilliantly enamelled. But in the larger spaces of the "Night Thoughts" a different and a bolder system has been adopted. A great part of the page is very often left untouched, and clear both of colour and drawing. With the perfect fearlessness of power, the artist will break across the vacant space, leaving an undulating or broken line as the limit of his design, and balancing the illustration against the untouched whiteness with faultless instinct and complete success. In this gift of painting upon a part of the space at his disposal in such a way as to leave the impression that he has painted upon the whole, this work of Blake's shows the decorative power of Japanese art. There is the same refined and sensitive judgment as to relation of masses, the same confident taste as to the required strength of colour. It would be impossible to give by description any notion of this particular quality in the designs. As we turn over leaf after leaf of the extraordinary volumes, new patterns of colour and fresh inventions of line surprise and satisfy our sense of decorative beauty. The colouring is often no more than a delicate distribution of even tints, but even in the least finished of the drawings there is always evident the artist's desire to render his work admirable in the first and most simple sense. Other and deeper qualities follow, but this one condition of the art is seldom disturbed or sacrificed; and if the designs themselves were not worth comprehension, or were not comprehensible, the book would still remain an achievement of wonder in the realm of decorative art.

In considering the higher significance of the work, a dominant quality of Blake's imagination at once asserts itself. Perhaps no man has ever combined in the same degree the impulse towards abstract speculation with the painter's power of giving to every thought its precise image. Blake was for ever translating the supersensual into the language of sense, and this he did at all times with so much directness and simplicity that the result is left dependent upon the fitness of the subject for the particular means of interpretation. Sometimes the perfect faith of the painter fails to communicate itself to the spectator, and the design becomes partly inadequate by reason of its uncompromising fidelity and the serious and evident conviction of its author. But although constant companionship with sublime thought may sometimes lead the artist into themes which painting cannot completely interpret, his gift of certain and precise vision always secures a result artistic in itself. Thus we find in some of these pictures that the effect is more potent before we learn the motive that has suggested the design; and sometimes it happens that when the poetical intention is taken in connection with its artistic presentment, the very simplicity of the work begets involuntarily something of ludicrous suggestion. But this same quality of directness in vision is also the source of the profoundest beauty over which art has control. The larger

and more sublime the theme the more necessary becomes its presence ; for nothing that belongs to a distant and ideal world can ever make itself credible to us unless the form of its appearance is distinct and clear. All that is most mysterious and unfathomable in the things of beauty, whether it be some divine Greek marble whose untroubled fairness defeats all terms of praise, or one of Michael Angelo's figures in whom the ideals of energy and sadness strangely conflict, owns this individual shape and sharply outlined form. This gift, which no student of Blake can have missed, seems to us to render him before all things a painter. In poetry the tendency to give sensuous form to every thought is sometimes a hindrance to comprehension ; and in such of Blake's poems as strike at high themes, much of the confusion, which not even Mr. Swinburne would deny, springs from the constant effort of the author to deal with the intellectual material of verse in the spirit of art rather than of literature. The simpler poems of Blake are not affected by this difficulty ; there the artistic element only helps the presentment of a theme of no intellectual intricacy ; but there comes a point where symbolism cannot keep pace with abstract thought, and here the attempt to thrust ideas into sentient shape leads certainly to the confusion to be found in the Prophetic books. So much is said not in order to suggest that Blake is undeserving of high consideration as a poet : so long as his poems exist, that would be a futile and blundering attempt, easy to defeat and perilous to make ; but in order to record an opinion that his poetical faculty stops far short of the magnificent scope of his artistic powers, and that the very gift which gave him success in art often proved misleading in the realm of verse.

It is likely that no book could have served much better for the display of Blake's genius than Young's *Night Thoughts*. The poet says so much and means so little that the artist is left with a wide range of selection, and without the harassing restrictions that a coherent text might have brought. It is interesting to note with what facility Blake transports the vague metaphors of the poet into the certain dialect of art. A less independent and confident genius would have taken no account of Young's audacious personifications, or would have rendered their image in art absurd. But Blake both obeys the text and rises above it. Sometimes he turns the artifice of the poem into grandeur by simple acceptance of its terms. He realises the scene which to the poet had only been vaguely shadowed, and gives to the large words, used without weight in the verse, the splendour and dignity which belong to them by right. At other times he escapes altogether from the text through the loophole of a stray simile. When Young introduces the comparison of Eve gazing on the Lake, Blake at once presents the kneeling and nude figure of a lovely woman looking into the depths of a quiet pool, with long loosened hair flowing down her back, and hands brought together in a gesture of soft and rapt surprise ; and when the poet, innocent of any terrible suggestion, speaks of "clustered woes," the painter seizes the words as the text of one of his grandest inventions. He actually presents the image of woes

in human form. Through the darkened air float strange islands, composed of men and women, locked together in an agony of despair. This is a good instance of the way in which Blake accepts the facts stated in the text without sacrifice of grand imaginative effect. In the tangled mass of human beings, writhing in every attitude of pain and yet compactly bound together, we get the physical image of "clustering woe." The idea is presented in its simplest and yet most potent form, and in that strange way known only to great genius the deeper poetic truth is thus enclosed in the commoner reality of physical fact. This union of physical truth and profound poetic meaning has been the mark of great art of all times. It is the sign whereby we know that the strength of the craftsman is working in harmony with the vision of the poet, for in the highest product as much scope is given to the one quality as to the other, and when we meet with efforts to express sentiment and passion without including this natural truth, then we may be assured that the art is either immature or in decay.

There are instances in these volumes where absolute fidelity to the poet's description leads the artist to very beautiful results. In one passage Young, who was never at all afraid of elaborate metaphors, presents Thought as a murderer led through the desert of the Past, and there meeting with the ghosts of departed joys. It is very probable that the gifted author never gave himself the trouble to realise with any clearness the image he had coined, but in Blake's mind, where the artistic sense was always supreme, every image at once struck itself into outline, and took a form as certain as the commonest reality. In the illustration he has set to the verse the thought loses its fantastic extravagance, and becomes a grave and solemn vision. The painter's strength and sureness of sight have forced the loose sense into grand design, and yet no part of the metaphor is sacrificed or omitted. The picture becomes in the largest sense representative of Murder and Remorse. In the midst of a barren landscape of desert hills outlined against the dull sky lies the murdered body, and by its side is the murderer. He stands, the right hand still grasping the knife, with head turned away, and remorseful face thrown up despairingly into the night; and there above him, and meeting his gaze, are the wailing and pitiful ghosts of past hopes and joys, little weeping figures circled in the sky. Both the principal figures are nude, and that of the murderer is drawn with fine choice of attitude and forcible expression. And here again we must remark how perfectly the illustration fulfils its first purpose of decorating the page upon which it is set; how the flesh tints against the deep-toned hills, and the faintly hued robes of the little figures who inhabit the night, make up a perfect harmony of colour, and how moreover the lines and masses of the composition are so disposed as to keep the whole space balanced.

But Blake does not draw his inspiration only from words or passages that suggest terror. Some of the most impressive designs in these volumes are also the sweetest. He could touch things of innocence without losing

strength, and could give the full impression of gladness and delight without loss of severity in style. One of the most perfect of these illustrations represents Christ as the father of all children, sitting enthroned in the sky. On every side the golden heavens are peopled with childish forms, flying with glad faces towards the form of Christ. Already one little nude boy has reached the bosom of Jesus, and others circle close around, borne, in, as it were, on the radiating lines of light that spring from the central figure. It is a vision of all the world become as little children and making their way to heaven. The glad, untroubled faces, with an expression of happiness too easily begotten to be over intense, are lit with a light of freer and more innocent worship than any painter has imaged in religious art. And it may be remarked in this picture, as in many others, with what perfect reality Blake renders the truth of flying forms. These little figures, the boys nude and the girls demurely draped in close fitting garments, have not even wings to assist the impression of aerial support, and yet their presence in the air is perfectly credible to us; their confident flight through the sky suggests no doubt or question as to its means. This power of dealing with supernatural effects in a natural way is a part of Blake's strong imaginative gift. He did not merely think of boys and girls flying through the sky: he saw them; and to his intense vision, always gazing familiarly on what to other men is distant or uncertain, the attitude of flying was as natural as any other. Thus we find in all cases, that his floating or flying figures, whether winged or wingless, have an extraordinary impression of physical reality as well as ideal beauty. With that strong impulse towards purely natural truth which controls all his inventions, he reconciles us at once to the merely practical difficulties of the theme, and leaves us in quiet possession of all its higher meaning, untroubled by the doubts that a less gifted workman would arouse. And this same familiarity of Blake with the circumstances of an ideal world tells with equal effect in his treatment of nude form. Other painters may be, and surely have been, more correct in the drawing of the figure, but no painter has ever given in a higher degree the perfect unconscious freedom that Blake gives to his nude figures. This impression, altogether invaluable in imaginative art, cannot be gained by any amount of copying from the model: it springs only from the painter's power of vividly realising an existing world of nude figures. That is the only way in which the figures of art can be made to look as if their nakedness was natural to them. The nude female forms to be found in these illustrations to Young are often of surprising beauty. We have already referred to the figure of Eve bending over the water of the lake, and those who know the published engravings will remember the symbolic representation of Sense running wild with the dark pall of death spread above her. But the coloured drawing of this subject very far surpasses the engraving. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than the wild freedom of this youthful woman with long yellow hair blown about her shoulders, racing heedlessly over the green hills, while above the pall of death is fast descending.

Another instance of graceful management of nude form, and an example of the artist's method of illustration, is to be found in the drawing which accompanies the following lines. The poet is speaking of Heaven, and he says—

Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy,—this group  
Of bright ideas, flowers of Paradise  
As yet imperfect, in one blaze we bind,  
Kneel and present it to the skies as all  
We guess of Heaven.

Here Blake has literally followed the poet's image. Against a sky of intense blue the scroll of flame is set, and within the flame the floating figures of the heavenly virtues which a kneeling figure presents to the skies. The forms of Song, Beauty, and Youth, and the rest each with some appropriate emblem, are exquisitely disposed in the space of flame, and they have that peculiar quality of freedom in their nakedness that Blake always knew how to gain. Another illustration presents a symbolic figure of the soul mounting to heaven. With folded arms the naked man ascends, a sky of blue towards the yellow light that streams downward from the opening clouds above him. The attitude is severely graceful, and it is, moreover, directly suggestive of the idea of upward movement. Still keeping to examples of nude form, we come upon a design showing with what perfect independence Blake sometimes saw fit to treat the text of his author. Young enlarging upon the qualities of friendship thus enquires :—

Know'st thou, Lorenzo, what a friend contains ?  
As bees mixed nectar draw from fragrant flowers,  
So men from Friendship, Wisdom, and Delight,  
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part they die.

Blake in this design realizes, not friendship, but the two qualities which, according to the poet, friendship yields. Wisdom, a learned shepherd with crook and book, advances in close company with the more youthful figure of Delight, whose more alert look and younger face is skilfully contrasted with the sober countenance of his companion. In the background is Blake's favourite symbol of a peaceful and happy life—ranks of sheep with bent heads quietly cropping the short grass. The figures in this design, both nude, are of statuesque grace and dignity. They bear themselves as men long used to the ways of the ideal world they inhabit, and their unconscious beauty brings to the spectator a conviction of such a world's existence.

A noticeable feature of these illustrations, and the last to which we shall call attention, is the artist's consistent treatment of the physical image of Death. Neither here, nor indeed anywhere in Blake's art, is there found any faltering or doubt as to the individual qualities with which these abstract creations are to be endowed. The great form that does duty for Death has not been created out of a series of tentative efforts. There is no trace of experiment in the result. It has the perfect precision and distinct character of a portrait, a reality as of a form absolutely seen



by the painter, if by no one else. But side by side with this impression of strong portraiture, there is a sense of a supernatural and terrible presence. Blake has not permitted the exactness of the representation to take from the awful character of the subject. The vision is confident, but it is like the vision of Sleep, which brings things near to us without rendering them familiar. Thus about these images of death that are frequent throughout the series, even where the action is most energetic and most relentless, we feel that it is fatal rather than malicious, and that Death himself is like a blind actor in a drama without purpose. The ancient face with closed eyes and mouth buried in the long white hair that appears in the front of the first volume is typical of the character given to Death in these designs. We may note too the labour he performs as, with one colossal hand, he sweeps an innocent family beneath his shadow, while upon the other, calmly out-stretched upon the great knees and unconscious of its use, a naked and enfranchised soul is gazing up to the angels imaged in the sky, her loosened hair already caught by the winds of heaven.

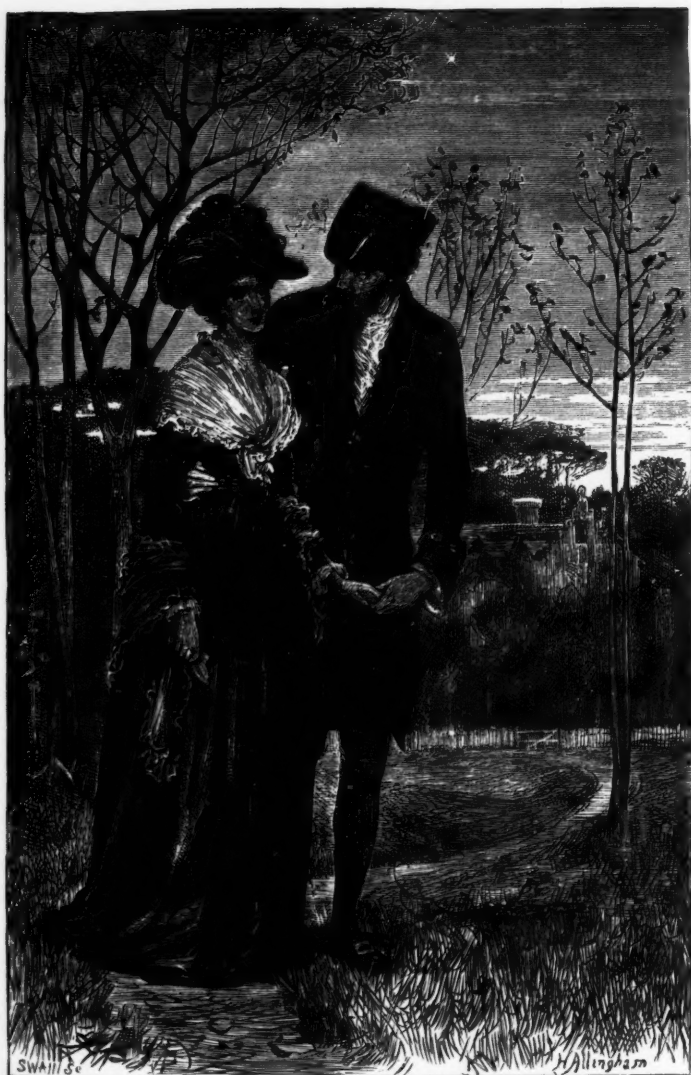
In treating of a series of upwards of five hundred designs, it is impossible, by a few examples, to give any idea of the endless fertility of the painter's invention. In this respect alone these volumes form a most remarkable witness to Blake's powers. No other work is of the same extent; and as this was executed when the painter was of a ripe age and still young, we may suppose that no other work received a larger share of energy and patient labour. Certainly it seems, as we turn over the richly adorned leaves, that at no time could Blake have been more aptly disposed for setting his thoughts in design. On the side of execution, though very much is beautiful, there are faults that further experience availed to correct; and for perfection in this respect, so far at least as drawing is concerned, the illustrations to Job, put forward many years later, must always hold the highest place. But these marvellous drawings for the "Night Thoughts" have a special interest, as in some sense the store-house from which future inventions were to be drawn. At this time perhaps more than any other the artist's brain was ready to create, and so it happens that we find here the first germs of ideas employed afterwards in other works. The designs for Blair's "Grave" borrow largely from this source; and one of the most beautiful ideas in the plates to Job, the rank of angels singing together with crossed hands and ordered wings, is to be found partly expressed in the second volume of Young.

In this review of his work Blake has been spoken of only as an artist. It would have been easy to have discussed at equal length his qualities as a poet, and to have found not less of beauty in his work in verse. But in the first place both praise and criticism of Blake's poetry have been amply anticipated. Mr. Swinburne's examination into the mysteries of the Prophetic Books remains a performance of extraordinary power which no after efforts could readily rival; and quite recently Mr. William Rossetti has done for the more easily intelligible of Blake's poems all that needs to be done in order to render them acceptable to the public. And

if this were not so, it would still remain in our judgment true that Blake's art is the greater of his achievements, and the one most powerfully claiming recognition. His poetry takes its place with equal and greater English verse; but in certain qualities of his art, the qualities that our painters have most often needed, and most often missed, Blake as an Englishman stands almost alone. We have striven to make it understood that Blake was no mere visionary speaking a language strange to painting. Where he was greatest he was most in sympathy with the greatest art of earlier times, and his gifts of design and his powers of expression in drawing are certainly not less remarkable than the qualities of his imagination. We tried to show in the beginning of our notice of Blake how severe and technically searching was the standard by which he judged of the works of other men, and no higher praise can be given in parting than by saying that he better than others is able to bear the severity of his own test. It is chiefly due to English art that these great qualities should be fully recognised. To Blake himself it now matters nothing, nor would it at any time have mattered very greatly. He suffered from want of fame, but he was not rendered miserable. He had throughout his life the praise of men whose praise was best worth having at the time, and towards the close of his career he said himself about this very subject of fame, "I wish to do nothing for profit: I want nothing: I am quite happy."

J. C. C.





HE PUT HIS ARM ROUND HER AS HE SPOKE, AND SHE LET HER HAND FALL INTO HIS.

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## Miss Angel.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## SORROW'S KEENEST WIND.



NE by one, the spectators of this strange little tragedy took their leave as spectators do. The play being over, they returned to their own interests. All that evening Angel and her father sat by the fire in the studio silent, but not unmindful of each other's presence. Little Rosa was quietly playing in a corner alone. Angel held her father's horned old hand in her soft fingers.

They had had a long talk together; she had been quite open to him and without disguise.

Those well-meant deceptions, those agonizing suppressions by which people try to save others from pain—are they worth the grief they occasion? Very often the sense of confidence and security far outbalances any pain of frankness and even of condemnation expressed.

A father does not utterly resent any misfortune, however greatly to be deplored, by which his daughter is doomed to remain at his side. John Joseph held the pretty hand with its pointed fingers and looked at it with fatherly eyes.

"This is a painter's hand," he said, with a kind little caressing tap. "Where is thy cameo ring, Angel, that the Lady Ambassador gave thee?"

"How can I tell you where it is?" said Angel, with a sudden burst of feeling. "De Horn took it away; he did not give it back to me. How can I tell you where he is? How shall I ever know where he is again?" Her voice rang sadly shrill as she spoke.

The old man knew not what to say to comfort her; he could only mutely caress the poor little trembling hand.

Angelica felt that the truth had now been owned. Now there was no longer anything to conceal, and any truth faithfully faced is strength in itself.

She told herself, and she told the old man simply, that her life was spoiled, that she could not feel that vows spoken with all sincerity and seriousness were broken because circumstances had changed. She regretted it all, but there could be no change.

"If I had not been sincere in my feeling for that man, what excuse should I have had, father?" said she. "It came to me suddenly; but it was no imagination. While he lives I shall ever feel bound to him. What excuse had I but my sincerity?"

So she spoke, but nevertheless Angel fell into a strange indescribable state of morbid despair. Her nobler nature was no longer called upon to act; her commonplace, every-day self failed to endure the daily pricks and the stings of pity, of officious sympathy and half concealed curiosity; she knew not how to bear it all.

If she had not prayed with all her heart for direction, she once said to herself, she could have better borne to be disgraced, to be ashamed of her actions, to be *branded*, so it seemed to her, for life.

And yet she had only prayed to be helped to do right. She had not asked to be spared suffering.

Her prayer had not been so fruitless as she imagined. That for which they all blamed and pitied her, for which she blamed herself, reflecting the minds of those she trusted, was not perhaps all in her conduct which most deserved condemnation.

Her whole nature seemed changed. She who had once courted attention now shrank from notice with sensitive terror.

In after days she used to look back with strange pity and wonder at these sad and miserable times; but, seen by the light of a brighter future, these old days looked different, nor could she ever quite remember their full depth of bitter dulness. Even to remember is scarcely possible, to put oneself back is sometimes a feat almost as difficult as to put oneself forward. Some one once showed me a drawing of Mendelssohn's. He had sketched his friend's house in loving remembrance of the hours he had spent there. 'It is wonderfully accurate,' said the lady who had preserved the picture; 'but one window is misplaced, it is strange that, remembering it all so exactly, he should have been mistaken on this point.'

The windows of the past have a curious way of shifting. We look back at the stone walls which have enclosed our lives, and they seem one day to open. Perhaps after-lights break through and make a way. Perhaps the angels break in, as in that picture of Tintoretto's where the heavenly company bursts triumphant through the massive walls and becomes suddenly revealed to the astounded Mary. The angels of the past do sometimes reveal themselves.



Although Angelica shrunk from any allusion to her troubles, old Kauffmann scarcely spoke on any other subject. He would return to it again and again, entreat her with tears and snuff to dissolve her marriage.

Then her agitation grew excessive. "No, no," she would say, "she had no power to break such a tie."

"But the marriage is no marriage," old Kauffmann would cry, exasperated, and appealing to Mr. Reynolds, their constant friend. "Some one reads a service, there are no bans, no witnesses. The man had been married before. I, her father, am not consulted—the man disappears."

"There *was* a license," said Mr. Reynolds, slowly, "I have taken counsel's opinion. The previous marriage could not be proved. With you, Catholics, the law is strict; but I have no doubt that by an appeal to Rome——"

"I entreat you, dear father, dear Mr. Reynolds," interrupted Angelica, with passionate emphasis, "leave it, take no steps; you only give me more pain. I only ask to be left alone to bear my own burden, to injure no one else. Forget it all, father; I shall speak of it no more."

And she kept her word; but though she did not speak she drooped, the blithe spirit was gone. Her friends were full of anxiety and solicitude. Lady Diana used to come day by day. Little Miss Reynolds used to arrive on tiptoe, slowly creaking the door-handle, as if a click of the latch would add or detract from poor Angelica's barrenness of heart. Everybody had a different prescription, but none reached her.

For some months Angelica Kauffmann seemed strangely altered: she had no word to utter, nothing to feel or to express. Such times come to all: night falls, the winter of our discontent covers and hushes the songs and perfumes and blooming garlands of summer-time. She had nothing more to say to anybody. She had said so much in so few words, felt so much in so few minutes, that now there seemed nothing left. She kept silence with her father; she would endure his solicitude in a dogged, stupid sort of way. One day Lady Diana folded her in her arms in a sudden burst of indignation. "My poor, poor friend!" she said. "Yes," Angel answered, "and this is only the beginning: it gets worse and worse."

"The low-born, knavish, insolent wretch!" cried Lady Diana, whose own pride had been curiously touched by the remembrance of past occurrences.

"You have a right to be angry," said Angelica, blushing up angrily; "but he *did* love me. I am not his superior in birth, he loved me; not you," she repeated, with a strange bitter laugh. The laugh went on and then changed into a great flood of tears.

"You will see it differently some day," said Lady Di; "you do not remember how you have been insulted. Have you no dignity, no pride, to resent such treatment?"

"I think not," said Angel, hanging her head and speaking in a hard and dogged tone. "I am utterly and hopelessly disgraced. I see it in

every face I meet. What use is there in speaking of it all? Nobody can understand me, and even you will not understand that I can have some sincerity of feeling in my heart."

Her sorrow made her quite reckless of what she owed to other people, though not indifferent to their blame. It seemed to her as if all eyes were upon her.

It was not all imagination on Angelica's part when she thought that people were looking at her, counting her poor heart throbs, scanning her lonely tears. She was a well-known character. This curious romance crept abroad from one source and another. Gossip was better managed in those days than now, and persons of a larger mind were interested in the private details which then took the place of those public facts in which persons are now absorbed.

Mr. Reynolds was discreet in vain; it provoked him to hear the poor girl's name in every mouth. Wherever he went he was cross-questioned and re-cross-questioned. Some blamed, some laughed, all talked.

Lady Diana used to bite her lips with vexation. What cannot one or two good friends accomplish? The influence of this man and this woman worked wonders in Angel's behalf. Their steady friendship saved her from the ill opinion of many who were ready to accept the first version that was given to them, and who felt it incumbent upon them to judge, with or without facts to go upon. Angel refused all invitations; she could scarcely be persuaded to go out into the street. Lady Diana was most anxious to carry her away then and there to her own country-house in Hampshire, of which mention has been made. But Angelica seemed to have a nervous horror of any change, any effort.

One day, a long time before, a Mr. St. Len, a barrister and art critic, had been speaking of some of Angelica's work to Mr. Reynolds. "It is graceful," the critic had said, "but over-strained and affected. Everything is too *couleur de roseate-rose* for my plain common sense. I know the old father; a friend of his, M. Zucchi, an Italian, gave him a letter to me. The fair Angelica I have not seen; but her work does not attract me."

"You have scarcely entered into her intention," Mr. Reynolds had said, gravely. "To her charming nature the whole world is a garden of happiness. She knows that sorrow exists. The wickedness of life—to us older people it is, perhaps, the only real sorrow—does not seem to occur to her. Perhaps it might be better for her pictures if she had less confidence, but for herself it would not be so well," said the painter.

One day, after poor Angel's tragedy, the two men met again by chance. "How is your friend Miss Kauffmann?" the critic asked, quite kindly. "Poor lady! I fear her experience has been bitter enough to take the roses out of her garland for a long time to come. I am expecting a visit from her and her father at my chambers," he continued; "they are coming this afternoon, on business connected with the house they live in."

M. St. Leu's staircase led from under the covered way that crosses from Inner Temple Lane. The staircase abuts upon a quaint old wig-shop, that cannot be much altered since the days when Angelica looked in through the narrow panes at the blocks and the horse-hair curls perched upon their shining cranes.

"I will wait for you here, father," said she; "it is out of the wind. I do not care to go up." The nervous terror of meeting strangers was still upon her. She smiled to her father and went and stood in the ore sheltered corner of this windy place, waiting by the wig-shop and leaning against the brick wall.

The colonnade divides two pretty old courts, with many lawyers and bricks and memories, with blue bags issuing from old door-ways; red, and brown, and grey are the tints; quaint and slight the arches and peristyles, to some minds as quaint and graceful in their mists and wreathing fogs as any flaunting marble or triumphant Pompeian vista. For a long time Angel watched the passers-by; listened to the sound of the footsteps. It was a bitter day for all its spring promise: a fog hung over the streets, the wind came dry and dusty, piercing through the damp mist. Angelica waited, indifferent to it all; the weather made little difference to her in her strange depression.

Would anything ever touch her again? she wondered. It seemed to her as if even trouble could not come near her any more. It is true that interest itself fails at times, and that life is then very saltless and ashy to the taste; but even this is a part of life's experience, if honestly accepted. Angel waited, listlessly watching two children descending and climbing the steps of a piled brown house with an arched doorway. She felt forlorn and out of place; other people were living on, progressing, and working to some end. She had no end, nothing to wish for. Feeling the utter hopelessness of it all, she could see no way out of it, no possible issue.

She had never taken into consideration that tide which flows and ebbs, that alternate waking and sleeping which belong to all living emotion. If our hearts did not beat with alternate pulses, they would not be alive.

The children were gone, a lawyer's clerk had paced the court and dwindled away. (I don't know if lawyers' clerks looked as old and worn a hundred years ago as they do now.)

One big old man dressed in loose untidy clothes went slowly past, blinking at her from beneath a small scratch wig that scarce covered his big head; he rolled as he walked along, portly, unsightly. There was a certain stamp of arbitrary dignity about him for all his shabby clothes and uncouth gestures. Angelica recognised the face and strange actions, for she had seen Mr. Johnson one evening at the play; that evening when Garrick acted Hamlet.

She shrunk away from his steady gaze. He passed on, and went up the staircase by which her father had just climbed. Then more smoke-coloured figures went by with the misty minutes. Then by degrees the

place became quite silent and deserted, except for certain ghosts of her own fancy, and drifts of smoke and soot, and an odd jumble of recollections.

Angel sighed, from present chill depression as much as from any other cause. Some stir of pain seemed awakened suddenly; a sort of unreasonable retrospective sense of shame and grief came over her, and caused her to hide her face in her two hands for an instant.

### CHAPTER XXX.

#### IN PATIENCE POSSESS YE YOUR SOULS.

It was in that instant that a heavy step creaked down the narrow staircase, fell on the stones, came to her side, and stopped.

"Yes, father!" she said, without looking up.

"Your father is above with Mr. St. Len," said a voice.

It was not John Joseph's vibrating tenor, but a deep and measured tone she did not know; and then Angelica raised her eyes, and met the full and steady look of two bleared heavy orbs, from which, nevertheless, a whole flooding light of sympathy and kindness seemed to flow. The ugly seamed face was tender with its great looks of pity.

"You are Mrs. Kauffmann," said the man in this voice, with a sort of echo. "I told your father I would stay with you, my dear, until he had finished his business. I have wished to make your acquaintance," he continued, after a moment's pause. "I know to what straits we poor human creatures can be brought, and I confess that the recital of your story has moved me greatly."

There he stood still looking at her, and she timidly glanced at the lazy well-known figure, at the heavy face with the indomitable fire of light in it, the lamp burning through the bushel and darting its light into one heart and another; Johnson's looks no less than his words carried that conviction which is the special gift of some people.

Angelica, who had of late so shrunk from strangers, felt as if this was a friend to whom she could complain; to whom it was possible to speak.

"What do you mean?" she cried impetuously (her tongue seemed suddenly unloosed). "Who do you take me for? Do you know my story? It is only foolery and disgrace. People look at me—not, as you do, with kindness—no, I see their scorn; I feel their importunate curiosity, and know not how to escape from it all, from myself, my miserable life——"

"Hush, my dear; hush!" said this stranger. "There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; although, somehow, it is so like virtue at times that he who is wholly without it cannot be loved by me, at least. To be ill thought of in another person's mind is in itself no wrong-doing, although it may signify some discomfort to yourself. But believe me, my dear young lady," said the wise old man, "the world is not so scornful as you imagine; so unjust as it is peevishly represented. For my own

part," he went on, "I love and respect you, disgraced, as you call it; whereas before, there was a time when my sympathy was less. You have done no wrong; you have injured yourself, but no other person. In some ways disappointment is as good as success, for it does not prevent the sincerity of your good intentions, nor alter the truth of your feelings. To be mistaken is no crime. Many things turn out differently from our wishes. Can you follow me, my dear? Nay, you must not cry; you must not lose courage. A lifetime is still before you, and much hope for the future."

He took her languid hand, and held it between his big palms. He comforted her strangely, though she scarcely owned it to herself, or knew how this strange help reached her.

"Hope!" cried poor Angel. "What hope can there be for me? I know not how to escape my thoughts. I know not whom to trust, whom to love, what to do."

"Love your enemies; do good to them that ill use you," said the old man, solemnly. "Follow your own sense of right. Fear not to love, my dear. Fear hate and mistrustful feelings. Fear the idleness of grief; accept the merciful dispensation of Providence, which, by the necessity of present attention, diverts us from being lacerated by the past. It is a most mortifying reflection for any of us to consider what we have done in comparison with what we might have done. It still remains for you to contemplate the future without undue confidence, but without unnecessary alarm, and with humble trust in your own efforts for right doing, to determine upon the best, the most reasonable course for a Christian to pursue, and to follow that course with courage and humility."

Some people have a gift of magnetism, of personal influence, which is quite indescribable, which belongs partly to the interest they take in the concerns of others, partly to some [natural simplicity and elevation of soul.

Johnson's personality and great-hearted instinct reaches us still across the century that divides us from its convincing strength. What must that tender, dogmatic, loving help have been to poor little Angelica in her perplexity, as she found herself face to face with this human being, so devout and wise and tender in his sympathy.

Now at last she seemed to have found an ark, a standing-place in her sea of trouble. She looked up into the heavy face. She seemed to breathe more fully; the load upon her heart was suddenly lightened, and with a burst of tears she stooped and kissed the great brown hand.

"Oh!" she said, "you have spoken words that I shall never forget. Heaven sent you to me. Now I feel as if I could face my life again."

The poor little thing's nerves had been over-wrought, over-strung all this long time. It seemed to her now, as if this man had taken her hand, and led her calmly to the encounter of terrors and alarms which she had not dared to face alone, and which vanished as she met them.

When John Joseph came down after his long conference with Mr. St.

Leu he found Angelica brightened, smiling through tears. His old Angel was come back, with a softened light in her eyes and a sweetened tone in her voice.

"Father, how long you have been!" she said. "Not too long, not one moment too long! If you could know what this half hour has done for me!"

It had done this—it had restored her self-respect, her confidence in others.

John Joseph rubbed his hands, seeing her look of life renewed. The slight figure drifted less languid, more erect. There was hope in her steps. They passed out into the busy street, under Temple Bar, into the noisy haunts of men.

Angel's friend rolled off on his ungainly way. He was grateful and cheered himself, for to bless is in itself the blessing of some generous hearts.

As she went along Angelica once more remembered the priest and the text carved upon the stone in the cloister at Verona. But this was no stony oracle carved to order; this was a living word, one spoken for her alone, one that came home to her and kindled her sad heart.

When Angelica reached home that day everything seemed to be changed. So much can one person sometimes do for another. Mr. Johnson's confidence seemed to have touched some secret spring. She set to work again with renewed courage. Resolve and patient endeavour came to her aid. Everything seemed possible again, even without the spring of hope.

Some days, utterly dry and parched, she worked on from habit, hoping that the sap of interest was not quite crushed within her heart. At others, strung to happier measure, she seemed to be uplifted, to be able to put her care away. She had never painted better in her life than now; orders came in, and she was obliged to defer a long-promised visit to Lowdenham Manor, Lady Diana's house in Hampshire.

People are made up of so many contradictory feelings, that when a person's conduct surprises us we forget how much circumstances have to do with the outward aspect of life. As the material facts change, the motive forces seem to turn into fresh channels; but it is the same force or weakness of character that drives the impulse. Angelica Kauffmann was a woman born to be a slave, easily influenced by stronger wills, but still more by her stubborn ideas of sentiment.

One trying ordeal was still before her; it was but meeting with an old tried friend. We mortals are very impatient beings, and we seem to have some instinct by which we often make bad matters worse, far worse than they need be. Antonio added to poor Angelica's troubles by his return, by his utter and indignant sympathy. When he saw her looking unhappy, his grief for her trouble seemed to turn against her in its very intensity. They met in the street one day; he was on his way to see her. She had been listlessly strolling in the sunshine with little Rosa, and they



were standing by the railings at the corner of the square, when they saw him crossing the street. He, too, looked worn and harassed, although he had come straight from sweet golden groves and perfumed skies. He had received a strange summons to Windsor immediately on his return, and was just come back from thence. He had found bad news enough waiting his return to put out perfumes and southern lights for days to come.

He did not speak at first when Angel gave him her languid hand: she was frightened by his manner.

"When did you come?" she faltered.

He was silent for a little bit, trying to span the gulph which had opened between them. He was unreasonable, indignant, angry with her, with fate.

She looked at him at last with her steady eyes. The look made him speak, though at one time in his anger against her he had thought all words were over between them for ever.

"I came yesterday," he said. "I found a letter calling me to Windsor. There is sad news there. I must return thither. I scarcely thought of seeing you, but I could not keep away."

"Why should you keep away because I am in trouble," said Angel, leading the way across the street to her house, of which the door was on the latch, and flitting upstairs before him into her studio. She went up to her easel from habit, untied her hood; it fell upon the floor at her feet. She waited for her friend to speak.

Angelica for once seemed crushed, made dull somehow. She did not hold up her head, but stood looking before her with vacant eyes. Angelica! was this Angelica? It was not so much that she looked ill and changed; but some sharpness had come into her face, some dull cloud into her glancing blue eyes, some expression of distaste and weariness, that Antonio had never seen before. It cut him to the heart. His grief made him unjust. He began to pace the room in a sort of fury, then turned and came straight back to her.

"Unhappy girl!" he cried, "what have you done?"

His melting voice, restrained by his grief for her trouble, seemed to pass over her as a wave of salt bitterness, and as he reproached her the two seemed drawn together more nearly again.

"What madness befell you?" he cried. "Did you forget your father and all who love you? Oh! Angelica, what have you done?"

"What did you mean by it?" he cried again. "Had you no sense of honour left? no instinct of your own dignity?"

And his eyes brimmed over with tears, and he stooped and took her hand and kissed it with a tender respect which belied his words.

"You would have done better if you had married me," said Antonio with a sort of groan. "I who went away because I thought it hopeless, and, fool that I was, could not consent to follow in your train as so many others had done. I had rather you had died. O Angelica!" he cried, in a tone of such true sorrowful part in her sorrow that Angel, who

had been angry and cold and indignant, now suddenly began to cry ; and the tears did them both good, and washed away their bitterness of heart.

"You know I did love him, Antonio, and sometimes I think I do love him still," she said.

He might have raged again, but for her tears and sorrow of heart.

"Perhaps I am not married," she said, wiping her tears, "but when I took those vows upon me I was sincere. Now let me at least fulfil that which I engaged to do. I should not know one moment's peace if I went against my feeling. As it is, I have a certain peace—a feeling of self-respect, which helps me. I must make up to my father for all I have made him suffer, and I must accept my life as it comes to me. Not the happiest lot, indeed, but a tolerable one compared to some," said Angel, taking Antonio's hand. "I have the blessing of constant occupation. It wearies me at times, and I have sometimes envied those whose life did not depend upon their toil ; but on the whole I would not have it otherwise. We are friends, are we not ?" she added, in her old girlish voice ; "I want my friend Antonio more than I ever did. I think I shall know better how to value him."

But all the same, they were parted for a long long time. Antonio felt too deeply to be able to look on calmly, to meet John Joseph with patience. He could do no good ; he seemed to re-open her wounds by his sympathy. It was no use that he should stay, so he felt. One day he went to Mr. Reynolds. It was some comfort to rail at fate in the company of another who had suffered also in some measure. He asked Mr. Reynolds question upon question. Once he lost his temper, and flew out with a burst of anger at the calm demeanour of the unruffled master.

"Forgive my importunity," he said, recollecting himself with an effort ; "she is my dearest, oldest friend. I have been almost beside myself, and I ask myself, as if in a cruel dream, whether it can be true."

"I am afraid it is too true," said Mr. Reynolds, gravely. "It is most unfortunate, most distressing."

Antonio turned pale and faint. His nerves were not of the same equal poise as the great painter's, and he could not face the ruin of his friend's life without the acutest physical suffering.

Mr. Reynolds continued calmly : "You may rely on me for leaving no stone unturned to release her ; only her consent is necessary, and this she absolutely refuses."

"She is mad !" cried Zacchi. "What does she mean ?"

"No one can deplore her strange infatuation more than I do," said Mr. Reynolds, gravely. "She considers herself married, and refuses to be set free. I myself have tried in vain to convince her of her mistake."

Antonio gave an odd flashing glance at his companion ; then he hastily took leave and hurried away.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## AT LOWDENHAM MANOR.

WE have seen Angelica in such saddened straits of late that it is a satisfaction to turn a page and find her in pleasant pastures again, and by still waters.

It was evening, and they had all been sitting silent in the drawing room: Miss Reynolds in her corner by the window; Lady Diana was working at the table; and Angelica—poor Angelica!—she, too, had been at work, but her hands had fallen listless into her lap, and she sat watching the drops, the green lawn, with its little furnaces of geraniums. The water did not seem to extinguish these flames; it seemed, on the contrary, to feed and stimulate their fires. The room was faded and becabined; but Lady Diana had been content to leave it as she had found it, with the great china pots of last summer's rose leaves, and other relics of its late possessors. It was Angelica who had plucked two jars full of china roses, and who had brought in a great burning gladiola bursting from its stem. Its red head was reflected in the convex looking-glass.

I don't know how long they had sat silent. The silence seemed to grow heavier and heavier as the minutes went by. Everything seemed to make it worse. It had begun, as most silences do, by a word best left unsaid.

"I hoped Lord Henry would have ridden over again to see us before this," said Miss Reynolds. "I don't know that we ladies are not better without him; but he talked to Angelica of coming to see how we were all getting on."

"I am sure he will come," said Angelica, "for he prom—for he told me the last time ——"

"What should he come for?" said Lady Diana, quickly. She looked up so stern and so abruptly that Angelica gave a little start. "Why did you make him promise to come again?"

"It was his own proposal, not mine," said Angelica, wearily. "I want no company but that which I have," she said.

Angelica could hardly have told you herself how the days went by at Lowdenham Manor. The distant murmur of the sea reached them from time to time, the days were green and still and even in their progress. Twilights lengthened into dawns, dawns into mid-day; but even the mid-day glares came shadowed and softened through the clouding branches. On most sides rose green hills, fringed and heaped with green bushes. Here a cow would be grazing high in the air, it seemed, climbing over the top of the elm trees. The blue smoke of some cottage chimney would be spiring from some deeper hollow, spreading, melting, vanishing delicately away. Everything seemed subdued and mellowed. The very

tree stems were softly wound with ivy sprays. The old orchard walls were lined with lichen, as were the branches of the heavy fruit trees. The ponds lay clear, reflecting the greens and gentle blues and lilacs of the landscape. The bushes were overflowing with convolvuluses flowering white. It seemed to Angelica like a place hidden in the heart of a labyrinth to which they had come winding by green lanes.

Angelica felt so safe, so peaceful here, far away from the world of doubt and sorrow in which she had been living so long. Did such a world still exist? Yes, perhaps; but not for her to-day.

This place to her was but complete with beauty, with peace and comfort. Anything more startlingly beautiful might have been too difficult in her worn and exhausted state. Here by degrees a silent understanding seemed to have arisen between the poor tired woman and the sweet inanimate world to which a kind fate had brought her for sympathy and comfort. In proportion to the very pain she had suffered now came ease and peace, and a sense of it and of unspoken beauty. Alone here was not alone; everything seemed too sweet and full of life, of natural affinities, of utter and completing loveliness. De Horn, as she still called him to herself, had travelled far out of her life. Angelica had no interest or part in his world, and yet—it was difficult to explain, nor did she attempt to do so—she believed that with all his wrong and his lies, his cruel deceit, he had loved her truly; and thinking of this, she felt as if she had no need to forgive.

Lady Diana's friend, Mrs. Damer, came over while Angelica was at the manor house; and it was here that the Kauffmann painted that charming portrait which is in Miss Johnston's possession, of a person whose name has since become more famous than it deserved. Anne Conway was now the wife of Mr. Dawson Damer, the man of the hundred waistcoats.

Angelica finished the picture in London, and the Kauffmann and her model used to have many a discussion as they sate over their work. One day Reynolds came in, and found them in hot debate.

"Surely," cried Mrs. Damer, "surely an impression, however conveyed, is more valuable to the artist than mere imitation. I can often work better and more rapidly from my own mental recollections than by merely copying something which does not after all represent my idea."

Here the painter overcame the man of the world. "My dear young lady, that is precisely what I must ask leave to contradict (if you will forgive the liberty). With all your great gifts, your sweet impulsive industry, and admirable feeling, it is only the study of Nature that can give any of us that mastery which we must all desire. Rules are no trammels to those who are working in the right direction."

"You mean that in Art, as in other things," said Angelica blushing, "it is by submitting most completely to the laws of truth that we best discover her intentions? Do you know," she went on, "I seem sometimes to have found out of late that obedience is best? Now as I paint,"

she said, smiling to her model, "the more completely I can obey the colour of your beautiful brown hair, the better my likeness will be."

And in truth Angelica never painted a better picture than this charming figure, languid and delicate, with clasped hands full of flowers, of that young lady in her white dress, with her dark hair piled above her pale high-bred face. Mr. Reynolds praised the portrait heartily. He had a special reason for being anxious that Angelica should do credit to herself and her talent at this time.

"But surely," cried Mrs. Damer, persisting, "there are two ways of seeing things. If you only copied the signs without interpreting them, I am certain your pictures, Mr. Reynolds, would be vastly different to what they are—deficient in the grand air which so especially belongs to them."

"Sometimes we are happy in our subjects, and they inspire us," said the painter, courteously. "But I fear, madam, that I must hold to my guiding principle, and seek for a calm and even pursuit of facts as they appear to me."

"Ah, you are right," said Angelica, with some emotion. "Let us be calm," she cried, excitedly. "Let us work and live tranquil and unshaken by the storms of passionate endeavour, thankful that we have true friends to guide us, to help us on the right way."

Mr. Reynolds was greatly touched by her sudden appeal.

"You, of all people," he said, "have the right to count upon your friends! and it is not only upon friendship," he said, very kindly. "Are you prepared for distinction?" he asked, smiling.

"What do you mean, Mr. Reynolds?" said Angel.

"I mean that never was there an age in which art flourished under more enlightened patrons or with more charming disciples," said Mr. Reynolds, with a bow to the two wondering ladies. But he would not say more, nor could they guess to what he was alluding.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

### TO SHOW FALSE ART WHAT BEAUTY WAS OF YORK.

THE Society of Amalgamated Artists had existed for many years; but its spirit was not that to which the tranquil Reynolds inclined. Anger, jealousies, depressions seemed to him as blasphemies against the creed they all professed. With all his quietness of nature, Reynolds could ill brook opposition. Noisy dissension was to him intolerable. The society had a way of selecting first one and then another victim for suspicion and persecution. At one of their annual meetings they deliberately excluded sixteen of their best members from the council. A certain number of those who remained immediately resigned their posts. Ill-feeling was

great on each side. Mr. Moser was accused by some; others defended him. It resulted in the proposal for instituting a new society, and during Reynolds's absence in Paris this autumn the scheme grew and gained ground. Moser, Chambers, and West waited on the King, with propositions and outlines for new academies of arts to be instituted in London.

When Mr. Reynolds returned from abroad he found the whole thing in train. The officers were named, a great meeting was convened. West came to request his presence at Mr. Wilton's house, where a certain number of painters were then assembled. Reynolds, it is said, hesitated and delayed. Whether from accident or purpose tea was served an hour later than usual, and when he and his young companion reached the house at last, the meeting was on the point of dispersing. When the door opened and the two came in, they were received (says Northcote) with a sudden burst of acclamation, and Reynolds was with one voice proclaimed President of the New Academy. Cannot one picture the scene? These bursts with which those who have the generous gift of divination hail the rulers among the people have always seemed to me among the most affecting incidents in life. Reynolds was touched and overcome by this sudden revelation of good will and good sympathy. From the Court he had received but small token of praise hitherto, but this was worth far more than any flare of fashionable adulation or passing success. This was the genuine tribute of the workers like himself who knew and understood the value of the laurels they bestowed from their own store.

Mr. Reynolds walked into Angelica's studio that night after the meeting. Little Rosa had fallen asleep in one of the big chairs. The faithful lamp was burning dim, the log was smouldering on the hearth, the room was warm and silent, the atmosphere serene. Angelica had opened her instrument and had been singing some snatches of Mozart, to whose music her German soul responded. That tender melody between tears and laughter seemed at times to speak all the doubts and certainties of her indefinite life.

The song ended not in a chord, but in Mr. Reynolds, who came in to her music, breaking into the last few notes. "I have been very much moved to-night," he said, "so much so that I came over here, dear lady, to see if your windows were a-light, and if you had not a gleam of sympathy for a friend in your kind heart;" and then he told her in a few words what had happened to him.

It was a happiness to Angelica to listen to his story, and she made him tell her again and again what had been done, promising absolute secrecy for the moment. But there are hours when sympathy is not always at command for those who can claim no hand to grasp their fortunes, no special ear to listen to their story. In the midst of their *tête-à-tête* the door opened, and old John Joseph came in, ushering another belated visitor—no less a person than Lord Henry, of whom mention has been made.

"Here is a gentleman who wants to consult you, my Angelica," said



old Kauffmann, without seeing Mr. Reynolds; and Lord Henry, with his conquering airs, advanced in all his usual confidence.

Mr. Reynolds soon took his leave. He had wanted her to hear what had befallen him, and she had listened with sweet looks and interest. Now he must give up his place in turn.

"Pass on, pass on," says Fate to Mr. Reynolds. "This was your will; pass on, pass on."

The next time when Mr. Reynolds called upon Angelica, Lord Henry was also there; but the painter left him to Lady Diana, who was sitting for her picture, dressed in blue satin on a supposed lawn with a parrot, a puppy, and all the little W.'s in a group round her chair. (There is a charming picture by Angelica of the Duchess of Argyll of those days, so depicted, in a family group. It belongs to the lady, the possessor of the Damer portrait, and is in the style which Zoffany has made famous.)

Angelica came forward wondering what new honour had come to her friend. He looked pleased and greatly excited, held a list in his hand, the list of the names of the new Academicians.

"See!" said he, smiling and pointing with his finger. "Can you read the list of new Academicians?" And she read "President, *Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt.*," and looked up with bright congratulation: then the finger travelled on. "*William Hoare, Nathaniel Hone*," Angelica read; and then with a pleased exclamation and blush, she came to her own name and that of *Mary Moser* to which the friendly finger was pointing. It travelled steadily to the very bottom of the page. "Here is also your friend Mr. Zucchi's name," said Mr. Reynolds. It was a moment of unalloyed delight. Angelica clapped her hands; Lady Diana came down from her perch; Lord Henry advanced from the other end of the room, affable and radiant (he had also won an unexpected prize that day), and he asked to see the list, which he perused with deep interest. I believe some vague hope had suddenly occurred that his own name might have been included in it, and that this additional honour might have been laid by him at Lady Diana's feet.

In Zoffany's picture we can see the Academicians as they were in life; can see them all with their wigs and their tights and their dignities. Sir Joshua with his sword, the model in his place upon the steps, the earnest faces of the groups standing in conclave. Here is art. Here is ceremony and nature too. Two very forbidding ladies also present are hanging in effigy on the wall. These are the female Academicians, in one of whom it is difficult to recognise the lovely original of Sir Joshua's portrait of Angelica Kauffmann. In 1768 women's rights were a willing concession to their desert, not, as in later years, an extortion and graceless boon.

The figures of the men of those days, as Zoffany has left them, impress one somehow by a certain appearance of manly self-respect. The military costume of the age may have given a martial air to these peaceful warriors. There is a little drawing of Stothard's, fanciful, vivid, and delicate, in which we can peep at the Academy for that year, with the people who are

looking at the pictures as they hang in their places on the walls. There is the beautiful Duchess of Manchester fresh from the artist's studio.\*

There are landscapes smiling, ships sailing, big wigs, and bands gracing the walls. There is a traveller bearded and turbaned, perhaps out of compliment to the great Lady Hester of that time. The pretty dainty figures of the visitors trip across the floor, high nod their plumed head gears, brightly sparkle the buckled shoes. The young King gazes through his glass. The court lady holds her slim fan. The old cocked-hat gentleman is absorbed in his own portrait, perhaps painted by young Lawrence—or by the great Gainsborough of Bath.

Angelica sends her work: she clings to her classical models. Her Hector and Andromache are much admired, so is a composition representing Venus directing Æneas and Achates. The gods and the Greeks and Romans continue to rule in Golden Square. Lemprière comes to life as we read the list. West's Regulus is a royal command.

In many and many an Academy did Angelica exhibit the works of her unremitting hands, her designs and her portraits. Gods and heroes, Olympus in every attitude, in good work, in bad work, and indifferent—still she laboured on.

The woman lived year by year, her youth passed, neither prosperity, sunshine, nor the winter storms of lonely regret could change her nature. She was happy and sorrowful, as others are. She responded to the calls of the children piping in the market, to the cry of the mourner, to the song of those who rejoice. She was no mighty heroine, but she tried to be true to herself! what more can we ask of any human being? She was tender to her father, faithful to her convictions, loving to her friends, and ready to their call.

Antonio heard of her at one time in the constant company of Lord Henry, that artistic soul, and he uttered some biting sarcasms, for which he was sorry almost as he spoke. He had seen but little of her all these years. For his own peace of mind he felt it best to keep away. He lived much alone, occupied with his art, esteemed and respected by those few with whom he consorted. His health was delicate, and a strange and sad vexation, which has no place here, but which concerned

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\* "*The arts unrecalled shall remain, while George protects the polished train,*" seems to have been the chorus of those days. There are some curious details of George the Third and his patronage of literature and the arts in the Lectures upon the Georges from which I am quoting. He wished to establish an "Order of Minerva, for literary and scientific characters. The knights were to take rank after the Knights of the Bath, and wear a straw-coloured ribbon and star of sixteen points. There was such an outcry among the *litterati* as to who should be appointed that the plan was given up, and Minerva and her star never came down among us." Another note tells us that the king objected to painting St. Paul's as Popish practice. "Accordingly," says the note, "the most clumsy heathen sculptures only decorate that edifice at present. It is fortunate that the paintings were spared, for never was painting and drawing so unsound as at that time. It is far better for our eyes to contemplate whitewash (when we turn them away from the parson) than to look at Opie's patchy canvases or Fuseli's livid monsters."

one of the kind young ladies he had known so intimately (poor Kitty, who died of some secret grief, people said), made him morbidly averse to all women's society.

One day Lord Henry's marriage was announced. It took the town by surprise. Lady W. had become more and more complicated, her sensibilities were almost unendurable, and she had discovered at last that even Lord Henry could not understand them. They quarrelled, and poor Diana bore the brunt; and tried in vain to explain the mysterious misunderstanding. Lord Henry, in his distress, found in her unselfish nature and warm kind heart a clue to the shadowy tangle. Her tenderness touched some genuine feeling in the little Maccaroni, who chose to confide in Angelica, and to be encouraged by her to hope. The romance had begun at Lowdenham, but it was not until that very day when Angelica read her name upon the scroll, that Lady Diana accepted Lord Henry's offer.

Meanwhile Angelica lived on alone and at work, not unhappy, as I have said, although days and hours came when life seemed long to her as to most people.

Rossi, who loses no opportunity of praising his friend, tells us that Angelica, besides her various accomplishments, was also a woman of literary tastes and wide experience. Klopstock and Gessner were among her correspondents. Later in life we know how Goethe wrote of "that tender soul." When she read any noble historical anecdote, says her biographer, her face would brighten, her placid eyes would acquire a surprising vivacity. You could read in her speaking countenance all the passion, all the sublimity of the author.

Angelica had saved some money in all these long years. She had paid two visits to Ireland, and come back cheered and enriched. There is a mention of her dining in good company at Dr. Baker's house. The Hornecks and Reynolds are there, and Goldsmith writes of

"The Kauffmann beside,  
And the jessamy bride . . ."

There are troubles in all estates, and Angel did not escape hers, notwithstanding all the help of friends and the sympathy which came to her. One painful incident we read of, which vexed her father greatly at the time. He felt the circumstance even more keenly for her than she did for herself. "*I would have answered yours immediately, but I was engaged in business,*" she writes to some one who was accused of having libelled her. "*I cannot conceive why several gentlemen, who have never deceived me, should conspire to do so at this time, and if they themselves were deceived, you cannot wonder that others should be deceived also, and take for satire that which you say was not intended. I was actuated not only by my particular feelings, but a respect for the art and artists, and persuade myself that you cannot think it a great sacrifice to remove a picture that had even raised suspicion of disrespect to any person who never wished to offend you.*"

Old John Joseph was indignant almost beyond words. This incident added to his old trouble about leaving her unprotected and alone. Even little Rosa was gone now, for she married at seventeen, and the father and daughter were alone in the old house.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### AND SO FAREWELL.

TEN years pass very slowly, very quickly too. The horizon widens, our hopes grow fainter and more fixed, our possessions increase, diffuse into distant points—possessions that have waxed and grown and filled our hearts. Some have extinguished hope in a reality far dearer than any visions, others die away. As time goes on we find out our narrow fetters, we discover our gifts, we learn how much we can bear, how long we can wait, how much we can forgive, how much forgiveness we need from others.

Angelica was coming back to Lowdenham Court once more. Coming back the same woman indeed, with the same preoccupations that she had brought ten years before. She was older—that was all. She had been sorry and faithful and at work a little longer. Her pictures, alas! were not wonderfully better, though now and then some happy chance, some fortunate subject, resulted in a charming work that did the worker credit. She had her father still. He wore his old cloak, that scarce looked shabbier. Want was no longer at their door. Long, long ago she had repaid the money Lady Diana lent her. Lady Diana was now a poor woman, comparatively speaking, for her husband had many expensive tastes and long-accumulated debts, which however did not greatly affect the happiness of a very united home. It was a real happiness to Angelica to see her friend in her home with her children round her. Some look of peaceful animation had come into Lady Di's dull face, some brightening of maternal pride into those two pale eyes.

It had been an old promise that the Kauffmanns should spend some days with Lord Henry and Lady Diana. Angelica had been detained in London by one thing and another, and she and her father found themselves belated on the way. The coach had set them down at the nearest market town, and now they came driving through the darkness, scarcely knowing whither they were going, through dim fragrances and lights vanishing and murmurs of over-arching trees. The horses went slowly, stumbling up the steep lanes blazing with stars. The great stars that night seemed dropping heavily from the high heavens, and flashing to meet the cool dark earth; then from the lanes they came into chillier regions, wild commons, shivering with invigorating breezes. Angelica sat, half asleep, upon her coach-box, watching the horses' drowsy progress, dimly absorb-

ing the suggestions of the new country—the visions passing by. Those of her brain seemed almost more vivid than the realities, now that the last lights of sunset had died away beyond the hills. She was gone back to the past in some vague half-defined way; some vague call seemed to reach her now and then. When they stopped at last, they could hear the cool roar of a torrent below; and then Angelica woke up, and John Joseph shivered and sighed. "Father, are you ill?" she said. "Is anything amiss?"

"What should be amiss," said he hastily, and as he spoke he patted her hand. Angelica thought his tone was strange; but they had started off once more, and once more came visions mingling with the indistinct charm of the present, voices that she had heard long ago seemed speaking and awakening her from one dim delicious dream to another.

They seemed to be journeying under the great torrent of stars, that swept the heavens. Once or twice Angelica thought she could hear the distant note of the sea sounding through all these vague night perfumes and mysteries.

"Are you asleep, Angelica?" said old Kauffmann, suddenly. "Are you warm, my child—will you share my cloak? I have—I have been dreaming," he said; "give me your hand. Ah! I can still hold it. Some day there will be only the old cloak left to shield my child. Angelica, I often long to be back in the tranquil old places, to hear the horns of the goatherds at Morbegno. I think I could live a little longer there; and, my child, I dread death. Thou, who art so easily led, so ill able to judge—ah! it breaks my heart to leave thee alone."

He was changed and broken, as he had said. He began talking again rather excitedly about Italy, about his longing for warmth, for a little peace and ease before the end.

"Let us go, father," said Angelica, absently. "Why should we not go?"

"How can you and I, an old man and a weak woman, go alone all that long way?" cried John Joseph, pettishly.

"Dearest," said Angelica, "do not talk in this sad way. Do not fear me. I know life now; I know myself," she said, a little shrilly. "There is Bonomi, that good fellow, to advise."

"Bonomi," said old Kauffmann, "he only dreams of Rosa from six in the morning until sixteen at night. Bonomi is no companion for my Angelica. You need a wiser, older man to rely upon; one mature in spirit, tried in affliction, my child. Cannot you think of some one whom we have known for long years and tried and proved an honourable upright man?"

"Are you speaking of Antonio?" said Angelica, quietly. They had reached the end of the hill; a great sight of stars and purple blackness seemed to overflow beyond the line of the horizon. The driver climbed his seat and cracked his whip; the horses started at a swift gallop.

Again old Kauffmann sighs and shifts uneasily; something has been

in his mind all day which he has not yet had the courage to break to his daughter.

"I am afraid you are tired, father," said she.

"They will find me changed, greatly changed, Angelica," he answered, very dolefully; "broken in body, ill in mind. Time was when a little journey such as this would not have wearied me. Time passes; quick comes an end to strength: who will take care of you, my child?" he repeated, wistfully.

"Hush, hush, dearest," said Angelica, putting her own arms round him. "We shall soon be at our journey's end."

"We are travelling to different places, Angelica," the old man said solemnly. "I think I could go to my rest in peace, if I could leave you in some good man's care." Otherwise I know not how to die—that is the truth. How to leave you alone in this great world;" and he looked about him, at the night, the mysterious valley, the lights twinkling in the distance.

"O father," said Angelica, faltering; "would it make you happy? how can I marry? You know it is impossible. You, who know——" she clung closer and closer to him. The thought of parting from him came for the first time with a bitter piercing pang that she could not escape.

Old Kauffmann had worked himself up into one of his nervous states of agitation; he had not yet said all that was in his mind. "My child, I had not meant to tell you to-night what I have heard," he said; "but why should I delay? sooner or later you must face a terrible memory." He took her hand. "You think yourself still bound," he said solemnly. "But you are free. That unfortunate man is no more. As I left home a letter came to me from the village doctor who attended his last moments. It is signed by the priest. He is dead. A gastrite complicated by symptoms of heart disease carried him off after a few weeks' illness." Then the old man's voice failed, and he began to cry.

He scarcely knew what he was saying, or what his daughter answered. All the stars were sinking in the black sky, the shadows passing like ghosts. All her past was pressing upon her, suffocating her, with strange reaction rolling up from the shadowy plains, resounding with the far-away moan of the sea.

It seemed but that minute that she had parted from De Horn, from the man whose ring she wore. "Dead, father?" she repeated.

"Yes, he is dead at last, my child," John Joseph answered.

"Ah! hush," she screamed so strangely that the driver looked back, thinking she had called him. It was not grief she felt, it was not relief, it was scarcely emotion, it was a vivid awe-stricken sense of the man's presence. Time was not. She heard the voice, saw the dark cut face with its rigid lines. It was a recognition—not a death, but a sudden life, after this long and unbroken separation. It was wonder and emotion, and then a great burst of tears came at last to recall her to herself. They flowed as prayer unspoken for a little while.



A few minutes more and they were passing through the old gates and pine avenues that led to Lowdenham Manor. Then came the dazzle of lights in the hall, and the cordial voice of Lady Diana greeting the travellers; hands to help them from their high perch; wine, warmth, exclamations, how wearied they looked, what had happened?

"My dear creatures, you seem half dead, both of you," cries Lady Di. "Angelica, is anything the matter?"

"I have just had some bad news," said Angelica, "which has moved me very much."

Lady Diana asked no more; led her friend to her own room, kissed her, and left her in quiet; and then Angel shut the door, fastened it close, and once more tears came to her relief, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. Some of her tears were grief, but others also flowed because grief was not. Grief was dead. It had died years before.

Coming back across the field next day, with Lady Diana and her children, Angelica met her father pottering in the autumn sunshine, and limping slowly along the stubble path. He seemed in some excitement: he told Angelica that Antonio had been with him at the manor.

"He has come, do you hear? He is staying at the village inn, my lady," said John Joseph; "he has brought our letters. He has seen the Bonomis," continued the old man: "Rosa is well and happy. Her husband has a good order. O my lady, what a loss little Rosa is in our house. Some day you will have to part with your darlings; but to part is happiness compared to leaving one's children alone unsheltered from the storm."

They had reached a little sunny bench arched with hawthorn sticks, and midday shadows, where bronzed leaves and autumnal berries made a canopy against the rays. They all sat down to rest, facing wide fields and breathing the sunny and corn-scented air. The water sparkled, there came a lowing of Alderney cows. A little baby bull was pawing the ground, and sending flying clouds of dust into the air. The sunny lights were on the river (it flows into the sea hard by). The little houses and gables gleamed across the waters.

"My child," said the old man, "Antonio has brought us more letters from Sweden; he says there is a packet for you." He took her hand in his trembling brown grasp, and looked wistfully from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. Angelica looked away, and her heart began to beat. The corn was reaped, the wheat was being housed, and Death, the reaper, was at work among the sunny fields.

Angelica was very silent all the day; in the evening after dinner she wandered out into the garden. She went on beyond the fields that led seawards. It was a west wind evening, wide with twilight the trees seemed to be throbbing with quivering shadow. The birds up in black labyrinth of twigs sang no longer, but still chirpped to the faint skies. The water streaked across the twilight. Some lamp burning in a distant village

mingled its light with the evening rainbows. Wide, unrestful and yet tranquil were her thoughts, longing yet quiescent; grateful after the beating storm for a calm that was not indifference. Was it possible? Could it be that hope had not died with her happiness? Could a new tender tranquillity reach her still growing out of the many winters and summers of her life, as naturally as autumnal tints fall upon the heavy dusty foliage? She went pacing on and on among shadows and twilights, past the black stems of the trees, across the soft dim turfy fields. She went and came, and came and went again: a lonely spirit, unrestful, unquiet, and yet grasping the calm of hope not fulfilled perhaps, but realised, of love, not exclusively her own, but love nevertheless. To-night the possibility came to her of a friendship more intimate, more tender than that which had always subsisted between herself and Zucchi. This was what her father had meant. This was what perhaps Antonio meant. It seemed strange and wayward now to refuse and to turn away from this home that seemed to open to her wandering spirit. And then, by the pathway leading from the house came Antonio, looking for her, for his old playfellow and the companion of his youth.

"Angelica, where are you?" said Antonio, gravely. "They told me I might find you here. I have brought you a packet from home," he went on slowly. "With your father's letters from home came this one, addressed to you;" he put it into her hand, looking at her anxiously. He need not have been anxious. She was very pale, but no longer agitated. The parting was over with its uneasy suspense; dissolved into a strange evening peace, into a tranquillity that was tender, sorrowful, and full of reconciliation. The feeling seemed to spread and to grow more and more indefinite and intense. A star came out over the heads of these two weary people who had waited half their lives, and whose happiness was not over yet.

As Angelica opened the packet, Antonio stood by her side. Inside the paper was a small silken case and inside the case a cameo ring wrapped in a silver paper, upon which was written the word "*Farewell*." That was all; but she knew the writing, and she knew the ring. How well she remembered it; two or three great tears fell from her eyes upon the little head smiling unmoved in its diamond setting.

"It is the ring he took from me at the ball. They have sent it back," she said. "O Antonio, what a strange sad wasted dream of a life it has all been!"

"It has been no dream," said Antonio, in his husky passionate voice, and as he spoke he took the little ring out of her hand. "Angelica, I think the ring has come back to you," he said, "as a sign of your faithful heart. Of that poor man's gratitude. Will you take it from me to-day? Will you let it be also a sign of love that is yours, that has never changed?" He put his arm round her as he spoke, and she let her hand fall into his.

It all seemed part of that wondrous twilight, sad and harmonious as

when music plays on from one modulation to another. It was only Antonio who was telling her that she was free, free to peaceful bondage, free to accept his tender care and domination; and so the twilight mellowed and hushed and blessed two people who had passed the brightness of midday; but who were young still, for they could hope and trust each other.

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#### CHAPTER THE LAST.

##### IN THE CHURCH OF S. ANDREA DELLE FRATE AT ROME.

I HAVE been trying to tell a little story, of which the characters and incidents have come to me through a winter's gloom so vividly, that as I write now I can scarcely tell what is real and what is but my own imagination in it all. The other day two good friends sent me a parcel containing a gift—a strange realisation of all these dreams. As I opened it, I thought of the stories one has read in which visions appear and vanish with a warning, leaving signs that remain in the awakened sleeper's hands. Here in my hands are worn papers, semi-faded parchments, concerning the hero and the heroine of my little history; lawyers' cramped handwritings, involved sentences, and foolscap paper, in which Antony Zucchi conveys his worldly goods to Angelica, the daughter of John Joseph Kauffmann, of Golden Square, in which Angelica's four thousand pounds are carefully tied away, wrapped in a parchment, put aside for future need; there are also law letters, written by Angelica at her husband's dictation, full of clear business directions, others concerning her pictures, which come and go, cross the sea from Italy, escape the French, and are safely deposited in Mr. Bonomi's hands; other papers tell of John Joseph's death, her husband's peaceful end.

But before these last records closing their lives, many and many a sun rose for these two people following the twilight of that autumnal evening; many and many an after-day was blessed for them, as they travelled on henceforth together. From town to town, from Italy to Italy, from Rome to Rome again.

Is that Angelica, once more looking from some high terrace? It is early morning, a dawning city crowns the rising hill, night is still in the valleys, and the country floats before her eyes. She sees the laden bullocks slowly dragging the heavy waggon, and crawling the mountain road into the light. The lamp still burns as it swings from the shaft, the drover's long goat's-skin cloak flaps as he strides along. The great gates of the city on the hill are open to the market; the sunrise is growing invincible, it flashes from the eastern plain, striking every bird, flower, gable, every bronze-lit roof, every tendrilled garden, and slender shoot of vine. What matters the name of the ancient city! Some Bible land seems spread before Angelica's wistful eyes, with shrines and campaniles,


and bells swinging against the sky, and saintly figures passing in the gentle glories that come illuminating and sanctifying one more day.

Then Antonio calls her from below, the horses are harnessed, the carriage is waiting which is to take them southwards. So they pass on together, where work and pleasure call them, to Venice, to Rome, where, after old John Joseph's peaceful death, Zucchi led his wife.

Rossi gives a pretty description of Antonio and Angelica in their after life. They were united and yet unchanged, and true to their different natures. "If you watch them before a picture," he says, "you see Antonio, gifted with eloquence, speaking with energy, judging, dissecting, criticising; Angelica, silent, with animated eyes, listens to her husband, and gazes attentive at the canvas. You may read in her face, and see her true opinion there. She speaks at last, but it is to praise, for impulse inclines her to dwell on the beauty and charm of the works before her. Hers is the nature of the bee," continues her old biographer, "she only sucks honey from the flowers." So she whom Goethe praised, lived on. But when her husband died she did not long survive the protector she had taken. "Poverty I do not fear," she writes after Zucchi's death, "but this solitude is terrible." We may still read a touching farewell to Antonio, written on the marble in the church of Andrea delle Frate, at Rome. "To my sweetest kindest husband, not as I had prayed," Angelica has carved upon his tomb. The parting is long since over. But beside Antonio's Angelica's own name is there. Remembered, forgotten, she passed away, not ungrateful for the life that had brought her so many things.

One day not long ago, a little boy in a passion of tears asked for a pencil and paper to draw something that he longed for and could not get. The truth of that baby's philosophy is one which strikes us more and more as we travel on upon our different ways. How many of us must have dreamt of things along the road, sympathies and experiences that may become *us*, some day not ours; inward grace of love, perhaps, not outward sign of it. This spiritual blessing of sentiment no realisation, no fulfilment alone can bring to us, it is the secret intangible gift that belongs to the mystery of life, the diviner soul that touches us and shows us a home in the desolate places, a silence in the midst of the storm.

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